ANY THING FOR A QUIET LIFE.

A COMEDY,

Formerly Acted at *Black-Fryers*, by His late Majesties Servants.

Never before Printed.

Written by *Tho. Middleton*, Gent.

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Drammatis Perſonæ.

The Scene LONDON.

LOrd *Beaufort.*
Sir *Francis Creſsingham*, an Alchymiſt.
Old *Franklin*, a Countrey Gentleman.
George Creſsingham, ſon to Sir *Francis.*
Franklin a Sea-Captain, ſon to old *Franklin*, and Companion to *George Creſsingham.*
Mr. *Water Chamlet* a Citizen
Knaves-bee a Lawyer, and Pandor to his Wife.
Selenger, Page to the Lord *Beaufort.*
Saunder, Steward to Sir *Francis.*
George and *Ralph*, two Prentices to *Water Chamlet.*
A Surveyor.
Sweetball, a Barber.
Barbers boy.
Fleſh-hook and *Counter-buff*, a Sergeant and a Yeoman.
Two Children of Sir *Francis Creſsinghams*, nurs'd by *Water Chamlet.*
Lady *Creſsingham*, wife to Sir *Francis.*
Rachel, wife to *Water Chamlet.*
Sib, *Knaves-bee*'s wife,
Margarita, a French Bawd.

PROLOGUE.

How ere th intents and appetites of men
Are different as their faces, how and when
T'employ their actions, yet all without ſtrife
Meet in this point, Any thing for a Quiet Life.
Nor is there one I think that's hither come
For his delight, but would finde Peace at home
On any terms. The Lawyer does not ceaſe
To talk himſelf into a ſweat with pain,
And ſo his Fees buy Quiet, *'tis his gain:*
The poor man does endure the ſcorching Sun,
And feels no wearineſs his day-labor done,
So his Wife entertain him with a ſmile,
And thank his travail, though ſhe ſlept the while:
This being in men of all conditions true,
Does give our Play *a Name; and if to you*
It yield Content, and uſual Delight,
For our parts we ſhall ſleep ſecure to night.

Any

Any thing for a Quiet Life.

ACTUS I.

Enter the Lord Beaufort, *and Sir* Francis Creſſingham.

Beau. AWay, I am aſham'd of your proceedings, and ſeriouſly you have in this one act overthrown the reputation the world held of your wiſdom.

Creſſ. Why Sir? *Beau.* Can you not ſee your error? that having buried ſo good a wife not a moneth ſince; one that, to ſpeak the truth, had all thoſe excellencies which our books have onely feign'd to make a compleat Wife, moſt exactly in her in practice, and to marry a Girl of fifteen; one bred up i'th Court, that by all conſonancy of reaſon, is like to croſs your eſtate: why, one new Gown of hers when 'tis paid for, will eat you out the keeping of a bountiful *Chriſtmas*. I am aſham'd of you, for you ſhall make too dear a proof of it, I fear; that in the election of a Wife, as in a project of War, to erre but once, is to be undone for ever.

Creſſ. Good my Lord, I do beſeech you let your better judgement go along with your reprehenſion.

Beau. So it does, and can finde nought to extenuate your fault, but your dotage: you are a man well ſunck in years, and to graft ſuch a yong bloſſom into your Stock, is the next way to make every carnal eye beſpeak your injury. Troth I pity her too, ſhe was not made to wither and go out by painted fires, that yields her no more heat, then to be lodg'd in ſome bleak Banquetting-houſe i'th dead of Winter, and what follows then? your ſhame, and the ruine of your children, and there's the end of a raſh bargain.

Creſſ With your pardon, that ſhe is young is true; but that Diſcretion ha's gone beyond her years. and overtane thoſe of maturer age, does more improve her goodneſs. I confeſs ſhe was bred at Court, but ſo retiredly, that (as ſtill the beſt in ſome place is to be learnt there) ſo her life did rectifie it ſelf more by the Court Chappel, then by the Office of the Revels: beſt of all vertues are

to be found at Court, and where you meet with writings contrary to this known truth, they are framed by men that never were so happy to be planted there to know it: for the difference between her youth and mine, if you will read a Matrons sober staidness in her eye, and all the other grave demeanor fitting the Governess of a House, you'l then confess there's no disparity between us.

Beau. Come, come, you read what you would have her to be, not what she is. *Enter Mr. Water Chamlet*

Oh Mr. *Water Chamlet*, you are welcome.

Cham. I thank your Lordship. *Beau.* And what news stirring in *Cheapside?* *Cham.* Nothing new there my Lord, but the *Standard.* *Beau.* Oh that's a Monument your wives take great delight in; I do hear you are grown a mighty Purchaser, I hope shortly to finde you a continual resident upon the North Isle of the Exchange. *Cham.* Where? with the Scotch-men?

Beau. No Sir, with the Aldermen. *Cham.* Believe it, I am a poor Commoner. *Cres.* Come, you are warm, and blest with a fair Wife. *Cham.* There's it, her going brave, has the onely vertue to improve my credit in the *Subsidy-book.*

Beau. But I pray, how thrives your New Plantation of Silk-worms, those I saw last Summer at your garden?

Cham. They are remov'd sir. *Beau* Whether?

Cham. This winter my wife has remov'd them home to a fair Chamber, where divers Courtiers use to come and see them, and my wife carries them up; I think shortly, what with the store of Visitants, they'l prove as chargeable to me as the morrow after *Simon and Jude*, onely excepting the taking down and setting up again of my Glass-windows.

Beau. That a man of your estate should be so gripple-minded, and repining at his wives bounty!

Cres. There are no such ridiculous things i'th world, as those love money better then themselves; for though they have understanding to know riches, and a minde to seek them, and a wit to finde them, and policy to keep them, and long life to possess them; yet commonly they have withal such a false sight, such bleard-eyes, all their wealth when it lies before them, does seem poverty, and such a one are you.

Cham. Good sir *Francis*, you have had sore eyes too, you have been

been a Gameſter, but you have given it o're, and to redeem the vice belong'd to't, now you entertain certain farcels of ſilenc'd Miniſters, which I think will equally undo you; yet ſhould theſe waſte you but lenatively, your deviſing new Water-mill for recovery of drown'd Land, and certain dreams you have in *Alchimy* to finde the *Philoſophers-Stone*, will certainly draw you to'th bottom: I ſpeak freely ſir, and would not have you angry, for I love you.

Creſſ I am deeply in your Books for furniſhing my late Wedding; have you brought a Note of the particulars?

Cham. No ſir, at more leiſure. *Creſſ.* What comes the ſum to?

Cham. For Tiſſue, Cloth of Gold, Velvets and Silks, about fifteen hundred pounds. *Creſſ.* Your money is ready.

Cham. Sir, I thank you. *Creſſ.* And how does my two yong children, whom I have put to board with you?

Beau. Have you put forth two of your children already?

Creſſ. Twas my wifes diſcretion to have it ſo.

Beau Come, tis the firſt principle in a Mother-in-law's Chop-Logick, to divide the Family, to remove from forth your ſight the Object, that her cunning knows would dull her inſinuation: had you been a kinde father, it would have been your practice every day to have preacht to theſe two young ones carefully, your late Wifes Funeral Sermon. L'as poor ſouls, are they turn'd ſo ſoon a graſing? *Enter George Creſſingham & Franklin.*

Cham. My Lord, they are plac'd where they ſhall be reſpected as mine own. *Beau.* I make no queſtion of it, good Mr. *Chamlet.* See here your eldeſt ſon, *Franck Creſſingham!*

Creſſ. You have diſpleas'd and griev'd your Mother in Law, and till you have made ſubmiſſion and procur'd her pardon, Ile not know you for my ſon.

George Creſſ. I have wrought her no offence ſir, the difference grew about certain Jewels which my Mother (by your conſent) lying upon her Death-bed, bequeath'd to her three Children; theſe I demanded, and being deny'd theſe, thought this ſin of hers to violate ſo gentle a Requeſt of her Predeceſſor, was an ill foregoing of a Mother in Laws harſh nature.

Creſſ. Sir, underſtand my will mov'd in her denial: You have Jewels to pawn, or ſell them! Sirrah, I will have you as obedient to this woman as to my ſelf, till then you are none of mine.

Cham. Oh Mr. *George*, be rul'd, do any thing for a quiet Life, your Fathers peace of Life moves in it too. I have a Wife, when ſhe is in the Sullens, like a Cooks dog that you ſee turn a wheel, ſhe will be ſure to go and hide her ſelf out of the way Dinner and Supper: and in theſe Fits *Bowe-bell* is a ſtill Organ to her, when we were married firſt, I well remember, her railing did appear but a viſion, till certain ſcratches on my hand and face, aſſur'd me it was ſubſtantial. She's a creature uſes to way lay my faults, and more deſires to finde them out, then to have them amended: She has a Book, which I may truly nominate her *Black-book*, for ſhe remembers in it in ſhort *Items* all my miſdemeanors: As, *Item* ſuch a day I was got fox'd with fooliſh *Metheglin*, in the company of certain Welſh Chapmen. *Item*, ſuch a day being at the Artillery-Garden, one of my neighbors in courteſie to ſalute me with his Muſquet, ſet a fire my Fuſtian and Apes Breeches. Such a day I loſt fifty pound in hugger mugger, at Dice at the *Queſt-houſe*. *Item* I lent money to a Sea-Captain, on his bare *Confound-him he would pay me again the next morning*, and ſuch like; for which ſhe rail'd upon me when I ſhould ſleep, and that's, you know, intollerable; for indeed 'twill tame an Elephant.

George Creſs. Tis a ſhrewd vexation, but your diſcretion ſir, does bear it out with a moneths ſufferance.

Cham. Yes, and I would wiſh you to follow mine example.

Franklin. Here's ſmall comfort *George* from your Father. Here's a Lord whom I have long depended upon for employment, I will ſee if my ſuit will thrive better. Pleaſe your Lordſhip, you know I am a younger brother, and my Fate throwing me upon the late ill-ſtarr'd Voyage to *Guiana*; failing of our golden hopes, I and my Ship addreſt our ſelves to ſerve the Duke of *Florence*.

Beau. Yes, I underſtood ſo.

Franklin. Who gave me both Encouragement and Means, to do him ſome ſmall ſervice 'gainſt the Turk; being ſettled there both in his Pay and Truſt, your Lordſhip minding to rigg forth a Ship to trade for the *Eaſt-Indies*, ſent for me, and what your promiſe was, if I would leave ſo great a fortune to become your ſervant, your Letters yet can witneſs.

Beau. Yes, what follows?

Franklin. That for ought I perceive, your former purpoſe is quite

quite forgotten; I have ſtayed here two moneths, and finde your intended Voyage but a Dream, and the Ship you talk of as imaginary, as that the Aſtronomers point at in the clouds. I have ſpent two thouſand Duckets ſince my arrival; men that have command, my Lord, at Sea, cannot live a ſhore without money.

Beau. Know ſir, a late Purchaſe which coſt me a great ſum, has diverted me from my former purpoſe, beſides Suits in Law do every Term ſo trouble me by Land, I have forgot going by Water. If you pleaſe to rank your ſelf among my followers, you ſhall be welcome, and Ile make your means better than any Gentlemans I keep.

Franklin. Some twenty Mark a year! will that maintain Scarlet and Gold-lace, play at th' Ordinary, and Beavers at the Tavern?

Beau. I had thought to prefer you to have been Captain of a Ship that's bound for the Red-ſea.

Frank. What hinders it? *Beau.* Why certainly the Merchants are poſſeſt you have been a Pyrate.

Frank. Say I were one ſtill, if I were paſt the Line once, why methinks I ſhould do them better ſervice.

Enter Knaves-bee.

Beau. Pray forbear: here's a Gentleman whoſe buſineſs muſt ingroſs me wholly. *George Creſs.* What's he, doſt thou know him?

Frank. A pox upon him, a very knave and raſcal, that goes a hunting with the penal Statutes; and good for nought but to perſwade their Lords to rack their Rents, and give o're Houſe-keeping; ſuch Caterpillars may hang at their Lords ears, when better men are neglected. *George Creſs.* What's his name?

Frank. Knaves-bee. *George Creſs. Knaves-bee!*

Frank. One that deals in a tenth ſhare about Projections: he and his partners when they have got a Suit once paſt the Seal, will ſo wrangle about partition, and ſometimes they fall to'th eares about it, like your Fencers, that cudgel one another by Patent; you ſhall ſee him ſo terribly bedaſht in a *Michaelmas* Term coming from *Weſtminſter*, that you would ſwear he were lighted from a Horſe-race: Hang him, hang him, he's a ſcurvey Informer, has more couzenage in him, then is in five travelling Lotteries. To feed a Kite with the carrion of this Knave when he's dead, and reclaim her, oh ſhe would prove an excellent Hawk for talon: has

a fair

a fair Creature to his Wife too, and a witty rogue it is, and ſome men think this knave will wink at ſmall faults; but honeſt *George*, what ſhall bec me of us now?

George Creſs. 'Faith I am reſolv'd to ſet up my reſt for the *Low-Countreys.* *Frank.* To ſerve there? *G. Creſs.* Yes certain.

Frank. There's thin commons, beſides they have added one day more to'th Week then was in the Creation; Art thou valiant? Art thou valiant, *George*?

Geo. Creſs. I may be, and I be put too't.

Frank. O never fear that, thou canſt not live two hours after thy Landing without a quarrel. Thou muſt reſolve to fight, or like a Sumner, thou'lt be baſtanado'd at every Townes end. You ſhall have Gallants there as ragged as the Fall o'th Leaf, that live in *Holland*, where the fineſt Linnen's made, and yet wear ne're a Shirt: Theſe will not onely quarrel with a new-commer when they are drunk, but they will quarrel with any man has means to be drunk afore them: Follow my council, *George*, thou ſhalt not go o're, wee'l live here i'th City. *Geo. Creſs.* But how?

Frank. How? why, as other Gallants do that feed high, and play copiouſly, yet brag they have but nine pound a year to live on: theſe have wit to turn rich Fools and Gulls into Quarter-days, that bring them in certain payment. I have a Project reflects upon y'on Mercer, Mr. *Chamlet*, ſhall put us into money.

George Creſs. What's't?

Frank. Nay, I will not ſtale it afore-hand, 'tis a new one:
Nor cheating amongſt Gallants may ſeem ſtrange,
Why a reaching Wit goes currant on th'Exchange.

Exeunt George Creſſingham and Franklin.

Knaves-bee. O my Lord, I remember you and I were Students together at *Cambridge*; but believe me you went far beyond me.

Beau. When I ſtudied there, I had ſo fantaſtical a brain, that like a *Phelphare*, frighted in winter by a Birding-piece, I could ſetle no where; here and there a little of every ſeveral Art, and away.

Knaves-bee. Now my wit, though it were more dull, yet I went ſlowly on, and as divers others, when I could not prove an excellent Scholar by a plodding patience, I attain'd to be a Petty Lawyer; and I thank my dulneſs for't, you may ſtamp in Lead any figure, but in Oyl or Quick-ſilver nothing can be imprinted, for they

they keep no certain ſtation. *Beau.* O, you tax me well of irreſolution; but ſay worthy friend, how thrives my weighty Suit which I have truſted to your friendly boſom? is there any hope to make me happy?

Knaves-bee. Tis yet queſtionable, for I have not broke the yce to her; an hour hence come to my houſe, and if it lye in man, be ſure, as the Law Phraſe ſays, I will create you *Lord Paramount* of your wiſhes. *Beau.* O my beſt friend, and one that takes the hardeſt courſe i'th world, to make himſelf ſo. Sir, now Ile take my leave. *Creſ.* Nay good my Lord, my Wife is coming down. *Enter Lady Creſſingham and Saunder.*

Beau. Pray pardon me, I have buſineſs ſo importunes me o'th ſudden, I cannot ſtay; deliver mine excuſe, and in your ear this. Let not a fair woman make you forget your children.

La. Creſ. What? are you taking leave too?

Cham. Yes, good Madam. *La. Creſ.* The rich Stuff which my Husband bought of you, the works of them are too common: I have got a Dutch Painter to draw Patterns, which Ile have ſent to your Factors; as in *Italy*, at *Florence* and *Raguſa*, where theſe Stuffs are woven, to have pieces made for mine own wearing of a new invention. *Cham.* You may Lady, but 'twill be ſomewhat chargeable. *La. Creſ.* Chargeable! what of that? if I live another year, Ile have my Agents ſhall lye for me at *Paris*, and at *Venice*, and at *Validolet* in *Spain*, for intelligence of all new Faſhions.

Creſ. Do Sweeteſt, thou deſerv'ſt to be exquiſite in all things.

Cham. The two Children to which you are Mother in Law, would be repaired too, 'tis time they had new clothing.

La. Creſ. I pray ſir, do not trouble me with them; they have a Father indulgent and careful of them.

Creſ. I am ſorry you made the motion to her.

Cham. I have done: He has run himſelf
Into a pretty dotage, Madam, with your leave;
He's ty'd to a new Law, and a new Wife,
Yet to my old Proverb, *Any thing for a quiet Life.* *Exit Chamlet.*

La. Creſ. Good friend, I have a ſuit to you.

Creſ. Deereſt Self. you moſt powerfully ſway me.

La. Creſ. That you would give o're this fruitleſs, if I may not ſay this idle, Study of *Alchimy*; why half your houſe looks like a Glaſs-

Glaſs-houſe. *Saunder.* And the ſmoke you make is a worſe enemy to good Houſe-keeping, then Tobacco.

La. Creſſ. Should one of your glaſſes break, it might bring you to a Dead Palſie.

Saunder. My Lord, your Quickſilver has made all your more ſolid gold and ſilver flie in fume.

Creſſ. Ile be rul d by you in any thing.

La. Creſſ. Go *Saunder*, break all the Glaſſes.

Saunder. I flie to't. *Exit Saunder.*

La. Creſſ. Why noble friend, would you finde the true *Philoſophers-ſtone* indeed, my good Houſwifry ſhould do it. You underſtand I was bred up with a great Courtly Lady, do not think all women minde gay clothes and riot, there are ſome Widows living have improv'd both their own fortunes and their childrens: would you take my counſel, I'de advite you to ſell your Land.

Creſſ. My Land! *La. Creſſ.* Yes, and the Mannor Houſe up n't, tis rotten: Oh the new faſhion'd Buildings brought from the *Hague*! 't is ſtately. I have intelligence of a Purchaſe, and the Title ſound, will for half the money you may ſell yours for, bring you in more Rent then yours now yields you.

Creſſ. If it be ſo good a pennyworth, I need not ſell my Land to purchaſe it, Ile procure money to do it. *La. Creſſ.* Where ſir?

Creſſ. Why, Ile take it up at Intereſt.

La Creſſ. Never did any man thrive that purchaſt with uſe-mony.

Creſſ. How come you to know theſe thrifty Principles?

La. Creſſ. How? Why my Father was a Lawyer, and died in the Commiſſion, and may not I by a natural inſtinct, have a reaching that way: there are on mine own knowledge ſome Divines daughters infinitely affected with reading Controverſies, and that ſome think has been a means to bring ſo many Suits into the *Spiritual Court*. Pray be adviſed, ſell your Land, and purchaſe more: I knew a Pedlar by being Merchant this way, is become Lord of many Mannors: we ſhould look to lengthen our Eſtates *Ent. Saunder.* as we do our Lives; and though I am young, yet I am confident your able conſtitution of body when you are paſt fourſcore, ſhall keep you freſh till I arrive at the neglected year that I am paſt Childe-bearing, and yet ever there quickning our faint heats in a ſoft embrace, and kindling divine flames in fervent prayers, we

may

may both go out together, and one Tomb quit our Executors the rites of two.

Creſſ. Oh you are ſo wiſe, and ſo good in every thing, I move by your direction. *Saunder.* She has caught him! *Exeunt.*

ACTUS. II.

Enter Knaves-bee and his Wife. Table.

Kna. HAve you drunk the Eggs and Muſkadine I ſent you?

Wife. No, they are too fulſom.

Kna. Away, y'are a fool, how ſhall I begin to break the matter to her? I do long, wife. *Wife.* Long, ſir!

Kna. Long infinitely. Sit down, there is a penitential motion in me, which if thou wi't but ſecond, I ſhall be one of the happieſt men in *Europe*. *Wife.* What might that be?

Kna. I had laſt night one of the ſtrangeſt Dreams; me thought I was thy Confeſſor, thou mine, and we reveal'd between us privately how often we had wrong'd each others Bed ſince we were married. *Wife.* Came you drunk to bed? there was a Dream with a witneſs.

Kna. No, no witneſs; I dreamt no body heard it but we two. This Dream wife, do I long to put in act, let us confeſs each other, and I vow what ever thou haſt done with that ſweet corps in the way of natural frailty, I proteſt moſt freely I will pardon.

Wife. Go ſleep again; was there ever ſuch a motion?

Kna. Nay ſweet woman, and thou wilt not have me run mad with my deſire, be perſwaded to't.

Wife. Well, be it your pleaſure. *Kna.* But to anſwer tru'y.

Wife. O moſt ſincerely. *Kna.* Begin then; examine me firſt.

Wife. Why, I know not what to ask you.

Kna. Let me ſee, your father was a Captain; Demand of me how many dead Pays I am to anſwer for in the Muſter-book of Wedlock, by the martial fault of borrowing from my neighbors?

Wife. Troth I can ask no ſuch fooliſh queſtions

Kna. Why then open *Confeſſion* I hope dear wife, will merit freer pardon: I ſinn'd twice with my Laundreſs, and laſt Circuit there was at *Banbury* a She-chamberlain that had a ſpice of purity,

but at laſt I prevailed over her. *Wife.* O, you are an ungracious husband. *Kna.* I have made a vow never to ride abroad but in thy company; Oh a little drink makes me clamber like a Monkey: now ſweet wife, you have been an out-lyer too, which is beſt feed in the Foreſt, or in the Purlewes?

Wife. A fooliſh minde of you i' this.

Kna. Nay ſweet Love, confeſs freely, I have given you the example. *Wife.* Why you know I went laſt year to *Sturbidge*-Fair. *Kna.* Yes. *Wife.* And being in *Cambridge*, a handſom Scholar, one of *Emanuel* Colledge, fell in love with me.

Kna. O you ſweet-breath'd Monkey. *Wife.* Go hang, you are ſo boiſterous. *Kna.* But did this Scholar ſhew thee his Chamber? *Wife.* Yes. *Kna.* And didſt thou like him?

Wife. Like him! oh he had the moſt enticing'ſt ſtraw-colour'd Beard, a woman with black eyes would have lov'd him like Jeat: he was the fineſt man with a formal wit; and he had a fine dog that ſure was whelpt i'th Colledge, for he underſtood Latine.

Kna. Pue wawe, this is nothing, till I know what he did in's Chamber. *Wife.* He burnt Wormwood in't, to kill the Fleas i'th Ruſhes. *Kna.* But what did he to thee there?

Wife. Some five and twenty years hence I may chance tell you. Fie upon you, what tricks? what crotchets are theſe? have you plac't any body behinde the Arras to hear my Confeſſion? I heard one in *England* got a Divorce from's wife by ſuch a trick; were I diſpos'd now, I would make you as mad. You ſhall ſee me play the Changling.

Kna. No, no wife, you ſhall ſee me play the Chang'ling: hadſt thou confeſt, this other Suit Ile now prefer to thee, would have been diſpatcht in a trice. *Wife.* And what's that ſir?

Kna. Thou wilt wonder at it four and twenty years longer then nine days. *Wife.* I would very fain hear it.

Kna. There is a Lord o'th Court, upon my credit a moſt dear, honorable Friend of mine, that muſt lye with thee. Do you laugh? 'tis not come to that, you'l laugh when you know who 'tis.

Wife. Are you ſtark mad?

Kna. On my Religion I have paſt my word for't, 'tis the Lord *Beaufort*, thou art made happy for ever, the generous and bountiful Lord *Beaufort*: you being both ſo excellent, 'twere pity if ſuch

rare

rare Pieces ſhould not be conferr'd, and ſampled together.

Wife. Do you mean ſeriouſly? *Kna.* As I hope for preferment. *Wife.* And can you looſe me thus?

Kna. Looſe you! I ſhall love you the better: why, what's the viewing any Wardrobe, or Jewel-houſe, without a companion to confer their likings? yet now I view thee well, methinks thou art a rare Monopoly, and great pity one man ſhould enjoy thee.

Wife. This is pretty.

Kna. Let's divorce our ſelves ſo long, or think I am gone to'th' *Indies*, or lye with him when I am aſleep, for ſome Familiſts of *Amſterdam* will tell you may be done with a ſafe conſcience: Come you wanton, what hurt can this do to you? I proteſt nothing ſo much as to keep company with an old woman has ſore eyes: no more wrong then I do my Beaver when I try it thus. Look, this is all; ſmooth, and keeps faſhion ſtill.

Wife. You are one of the baſeſt fellows.

Kna. I lookt for chiding, I do make this a kinde of fortitude the Romans never dreamt of, and 'twere known, I ſhould be ſpoke and writ of when I am rotten, for 'tis beyond example.

Wife. But I pray reſolve me: ſuppoſe this done, could you ever love me after?

Kna. I proteſt I never thought ſo well of thee, till I knew he took a fancy to thee; like one that has variety of choice meat before him, yet has no ſtomach to 't until he hear another praiſe: Hark, my Lord is coming. *knock within.*

Wife. Poſſible.

Kna. And my preferment comes along with him; be wiſe, mind your good, and to confute all reaſon in the world which thou canſt urge againſt it when 'tis done, we will be married again wife, which ſome ſay is the onely *Superſedeas* about *Limehouſe*, to remove Cuckoldry. *Enter Beaufort.*

Beau. Come, are you ready to attend me to the Court?

Kna. Yes my Lord. *Beau.* Is this fair one, your wife?

Kna. At your Lordſhips ſervice; I will look up ſome Writings, and return preſently. *Exit Knaves-bee.*

Wife. To ſee and the baſe fellow do not leave's alone too!

Beau. Tis an excellent habit this, where were you born, Sweet?

Wife. I am a *Suffolk* woman, my Lord.

Beau. Believe it, every Countrey you breath on, is the ſweeter for you : Let me ſee your hand. The Caſe is loth to part with the Jewel : Faireſt one, I have skill in Palmeſtry.

Wife. Good my Lord, what do you finde there ?

Beau. In good earneſt I do finde written here, all my good fortune lies in your hand. *Wife.* You'l keep a very bad Houſe then, you may ſee by the ſmalneſs of the Table.

Beau. Who is your Sweet-heart ? *Wife.* Sweet-heart!

Beau. Yes, come, I muſt fift you to know it.

Wife. I am a Sieve too courſe for your Lordſhips Manchet.

Beau. Nay, pray you tell me, for I ſee your husband is an unhandſom fellow.

Wife. Oh my Lord, I took him by weight, not faſhion : Goldſmiths Wives taught me that way of bargain, and ſome Ladies ſwerve not to follow the example.

Beau. But will you not tell me who is your private friend ?

Wife. Yes, and you'l tell me who is yours.

Beau. Shall I ſhew you her ? *Wife.* Yes, when will you ?

Beau. Inſtantly, look you there you may ſee her.

Wife. Ile break the glaſs, 'tis now worth nothing.

Beau. Why ? *Wife.* You have made it a flattering one.

Beau. I have a Summer-houſe for you ; a fine place to flatter ſolitarineſs : will you come and lye there ? *Wife.* No my Lord.

Beau. Your husband has promis'd me : will you not ?

Wife. I muſt wink I tell you, or ſay nothing.

Beau. So, Ile kiſs you and wink too, *Ent. Knaves-bee.* Midnight is *Cupids* Holyday.

Kna. By this time 'tis concluded : Will you go my Lord ?

Beau. I leave with you my beſt wiſhes till I ſee you.

Kna. This now (if I may borrow our Lawyers phraſe) is my Wifes *Imparlance*, at her next appearance ſhe muſt anſwer your *Declaration.*

Beau. You follow it well, ſir. *Ex. Beaufort & Knaves-bee*

Wife. Did I not know my Husband of ſo baſe contemptible nature, I ſhould think 'twere but a trick to try me ; but it ſeems they are both in wicked earneſt ; and methinks upon the ſudden I have a great minde to loath this ſcurvy unhandſome way my Lord has tane to compaſs me : why 'tis for all the world as if he ſhould come

to ſteal ſome *Apricocks* my Husband kept for's own Tooth, and climb up upon his head and ſhoulders. Ile go to him, he will put me into brave Clothes, and rich Jewels; 'twere a very ill part in me not to go, his Mercer and his Goldſmith elſe might curſe me; and what Ile do there, a my troth yet I know not;
Women though puzzel'd with theſe ſubtile deeds,
May, as i'th Spring, pick Phyſick out of weeds. *Exit Lady.*

Enter (a Shop being diſcover'd) Walter Chamlet, *his Wife* Rachel, *two Prentices*, George *and* Ralph.

George. What iſt you lack, you lack, you lack?
Stuffs for the Belly, or the Back?
Silk-Grograns, Sattins, Velvet fine,
The Roſie-colour'd Carnadine;
Your Nutmeg hue, or Gingerline,
Cloth of Tiſſue, or Tobine,
That like beaten Gold will ſhine
In your Amarous Ladies eyne,
Whileſt you their ſofter Silks do twine: *Enter Rachel.*
What iſt you lack, you lack, you lack?

Rach. I do lack Content Sir, Content I lack: have you or your worſhipful Maſter here, any Content to ſell?

George. If Content be a Stuff to be ſold by the Yard, you may have content at home, and never go abroad for't.

Rach. Do, cut me three yards, Ile pay for 'em.

George. There's all we have i'th Shop; we muſt know what you'l give for 'em firſt.

Cham. Why *Rachel*, ſweet *Rachel*, my boſom *Rachel*, how didſt thou get forth? thou wert here ſweet *Rac.* within this hour, even in my very heart. *Rach.* Away, or ſtay ſtill, Ile away from thee, one Bed ſhall never hold us both agen, nor one roof cover us: didſt thou bring home

George. What iſt you lack, you lack, you lack?

Rach. Peace Bandog, Bandog, give me leave to ſpeak, or I'le

George. Shall I not follow my Trade? I'm bound to't, and my Maſter bound to bring me up in't.

Cham. Peace, good *George*, give her anger leave, thy Miſtriſs will be quiet preſently.

Rach.

Rach. Quiet! I defie thee and quiet too: Quiet thy Baſtards thou haſt brought home.

George & Ralph. What iſt you lack, you lack? *&c.*

Rach. Death, give me an Ell, has one bawling Cur rais'd up another? two dogs upon me, and the old *Bear-ward* will not ſuccour me, I'le ſtave 'em off my ſelf: give me an Ell, I ſay.

George. Give her not an Inch, Maſter, ſhee'l take two Ells if you do.

Cham. Peace *George* and *Ralph*, no more words I charge you; and *Rachel*, ſweet Wife, be more temperate, I know your tongue ſpeaks not by the rule and guidance of your heart, when you proclaim the pretty children of my vertuous and noble Kinſwoman, whom in life you knew above my praiſes reach, to be my baſtards; this is not well, although your Anger did it, pray chide your Anger for it. *Rach.* Sir, ſir, your gloſs of Kinſwoman cannot ſerve turn, 'tis ſtale, and ſmells too ranck, though your ſhop wares you vent with your deceiving lights, yet your Chamber Stuff ſhall not paſs ſo with me; I ſay, and I will prove.

George. What iſt you lack? *Enter two children*

Cham. Why *George*, I ſay.

Rach. Letcher I ſay, I'le be divorc't from thee, I'le prove 'em thy baſtards, and thou inſufficient. *Exit Rachel.*

Mar. What ſaid my angry Couſin to you ſir? that we were baſtards? *Ed.* I hope ſhe meant not us.

Cham. No, no, my pretty Couſins, ſhe meant *George* and *Ralph*; rage will ſpeak any thing, but they are ne're the worſe.

George. Yes indeed forſooth ſhe ſpoke to us, but chiefly to *Ralph*, becauſe ſhe knows he has but one ſtone.

Ralph. No more of that if you love me, *George*, this is not the way to keep a quiet houſe.

Mar. Truly Sir, I would not for more treaſure then ever I ſaw yet, be in your houſe a cauſe of diſcord.

Ed. And do you think I would, Siſter?

Mar. No indeed, *Ned.* *Ent. Frank & yong Creſs. diſguis'd*

Ed. Why did you not ſpeak for me with you then, and ſaid we could not have done ſo? *Cham.* No more ſweet Couſins now: Speak *George*, Cuſtomers approach.

Young Creſſ. Is the Barber prepar'd?

Frank.

Frank. With ignorance enough to go through with it, ſo neer I am to him, we muſt call Couſins, would thou wert as ſure to hit the Taylor. *Yong Creſſ.* If I do not ſteal away handſomly, let me never play the Taylor agen.

George. What iſt you lack? *&c.* *Frank.* Good Sattins ſir.

George. The beſt in *Europe*, ſir; here's a piece worth a Piece every yard of him, the King of *Naples* wears no better Silk; mark his gloſs, he dazles the eye to look upon him.

Frank. Is he not gum'd? *George.* Gum'd! he has neither mouth nor tooth, how can he be gum'd? *Frank.* Very pretty.

Cham. An eſpecial good piece of Silk, the Worm never ſpun a finer thread, believe it, ſir. *Frank.* *Gaſcoyn*, you have ſome skill in it. *Cham.* Your Taylor, ſir? *Frank.* Yes ſir.

Yong Creſſ. A good piece, ſir; but let's ſee more choice.

Ralph. Taylor, drive thorow, you know your bribes.

Yong Creſſ. Mum: he beſtows forty pounds, if I ſay the word.

Ralph. Strike through, there's poundage for you then.

Frank. I marry! I like this better, what ſayſt thou, *Gaſcoyn?*

Yong Creſſ. A good piece indeed, ſir.

George. The Great Turk has worſe Sattin at's elbow, then this ſir. *Frank.* The price? *Cham.* Look on the mark, *George.*

George. *O. Souſe* and *P*, by my facks, ſir.

Cham. The beſt ſort then, ſixteen a yard, nothing to be bated.

Frank. Fie ſir, fifteen's too high, yet ſo, for how many yards will ſerve for my Sute, ſirrah?

Yong Creſſ. Nine yards, you can have no leſs, Sir *Andrew.*

Frank. But I can ſir, if you pleaſe to ſteal leſs; I had but eight in my laſt Sute.

Yong Creſſ. You pinch us too neer in faith, Sir *Andrew.*

Frank. Yet can you pinch out a falſe pair of Sleeves to a *Freezado* Dublet. *George.* No ſir, ſome Purſes and Pin-pillows perhaps: A Taylor pays for his kiſſing that ways.

Frank. Well ſir, eight yards, eight fifteens I give and cut it.

Cham. I cannot truly, ſir. *George.* My Maſter muſt be no Subſidy-man ſir, if he take ſuch fifteens.

Frank. I am at higheſt ſir, if you can take money.

Cham. Well ſir, I'le give you the buying once, I hope to gain it in your cuſtom: want you nothing elſe, ſir?

Frank.

Frank. Not at this time, sir.

Yong Cress. Indeed but you do, Sir *Andrew*, I must needs deliver my Ladies Message to you, she enjoyn'd me by Oath to do it, she commanded me to move you for a New Gown.

Frank. Sirrah, Ile break your head, if you motion it agen.

Yong Cress. I must endanger my self for my Lady, sir: you know she's to go to my Lady *Trenchmores* Wedding, and to be seen there without a New Gown, she'l have ne're an eye to be seen there, for her fingers in 'em: Nay by my sack, sir, I do not think she'l go, and then the cause known, what a discredit 't will be to you!

Frank. Not a word more, Goodman *Snip-snapper* for your ears: What comes this to, sir? *Cham.* Six pound, sir.

Frank. There's your money: will you take this, and be gone, and about your business presently?

Yong Cress. Troth Sir, Ile see some Stuffs for my Lady first, Ile tell her at least I did my good will; a fair piece of Cloth of Silver, pray you now. *George.* Or Cloth of Gold if you please sir, as rich as ever the *Sophy* wore.

Frank. You are the arranteſt villain of a Taylor, that ever sat cross-leg'd: what do you think a Gown of this Stuff will come to?

Yong Cress. Why say it be forty pound sir: what's that to you? three thousand a year I hope will maintain it.

Frank. It will sir, very good, you were best be my Overseer: say I be not furnisht with money, how then?

Yong Cress. A very fine excuse in you, which place of ten now will you send me for a hundred pound, to bring it presently?

Cham. Sir, sir, your Taylor perswades you well, 'tis for your credit, and the great content of your Lady.

Frank. Tis for your content sir, and my charges: Never think Goodman *False-stitch* to come to the Mercers with me agen; pray will you see if my Cousin *Sweetball* the Barber (he's neerest hand) be furnisht, and bring me word instantly.

Yong Cress. I flie, sir. *Exit Cress.*

Frank. You may flie sir, you have clipt some bodies wings for it to piece out your own; An arrant thief you are.

Cham. Indeed he speaks honestly and justly, sir.

Frank. You expect some gain sir, there's your cause of love.

Cham. Surely I do a little, sir.

Frank.

Frank. And what might be the price of this?

Cham. This is thirty a yard; but if you'l go to forty, here's a *Non pareile.*

Frank. So, there's a matter of forty pound for a Gown Cloth.

Cham. Thereabouts, ſir; why ſir, there are far ſhort of your means that wear the like. *Frank.* Do you know my means, ſir?

George. By over-hearing your Taylor, ſir, three thouſand a year: but if you'd have a Petticoat for your Lady, here's a ſtuff.

Frank. Are you another Taylor, Sirrah? here's a knave, what are you? *George.* You are ſuch another Gentleman; but for the Stuff Sir, 'tis *L. S S.* and *K*; for the turn ſtript a purpoſe, a yard and a quarter broad too, which is the juſt depth of a womans Petticoat. *Frank.* And why ſtript for a Petticoat?

George. Becauſe if they abuſe their Petticoats, there are abuſes ſtript, then 'tis taking them up, and they may be ſtript and whipt too. *Frank.* Very ingenious.

George. Then it is likewiſe ſtript ſtanding, between which is diſcover'd the open part, which is now call'd the *Placket.*

Frank. Why, was it ever call'd otherwiſe?

George. Yes: while the word remain'd pure in his original, the Latine tongue, who have no K^s, it was call'd the *Placet*, a *Placendo*, A thing, or place, to pleaſe. *Enter yong Creſsingham.*

Frank. Better and worſe ſtill: Now ſir, you come in haſte, what ſays my Couſin?

Yong Creſſ. Proteſt ſir, he's half angry, that either you ſhould think him unfurniſht, or not furniſht for your uſe, there's a hundred pound ready for you; he deſires you to pardon his coming, his folks are buſie, and his wife trimming a Gentleman, but at your firſt approach the money wants but telling.

Frank. He would not truſt you with it: I con him thanks, for that he knows what Trade you are of: well ſir, pray cut him patterns, he may in the mean time know my Ladies liking, let your man take the Pieces whole, with the loweſt prices, and walk with me to my Couſins. *Cham.* With all my heart, ſir: *Ralph*, your Cloak, and go with the Gentleman, look you give good meaſure.

Yong Creſſ. Look you carry a good yard with you.

Ralph. The beſt i'th' ſhop, ſir, yet we have none bad: you'l have the Stuff for the Petticoat too? *Frank.* No ſir, the Gown onely.

Yong Creſſ. By all means ſir: Not the Petticoat? that were Holy-day upon Working-day yfaith.

Frank. You are ſo forward for a knave, ſir.

Yong Creſſ. 'Tis for your credit and my Ladies both, I do it ſir.

Frank. Your man is truſty ſir?

Cham. O ſir, we keep none but thoſe we dare truſt ſir. *Ralph*, have a care of light gold. *Ralph.* I warrant you ſir, Ile take none. *Frank.* Come ſirrah: Fare you well ſir.

Cham. Pray know my ſhop another time, ſir.

Frank. That I ſhall ſir, from all the ſhops i'th Town; 'tis the *Lamb* in *Lombard-ſtreet*. *Exeunt Frank. Creſſ. Ralph.*

George. A good mornings work, ſir; if this Cuſtom would but laſt long, you might ſhut up your ſhop and live privately.

Cham. O *George*. But here's a grief that takes away all the gains and joy of all my thrift. *George.* What's that, ſir?

Cham. Thy Miſtriſs, *George*: her frowardneſs ſowres all my comfort. *George.* Alas ſir, they are but Squibs and Crackers, they'l ſoon die; you know her flaſhes of old.

Cham. But they flie ſo neer me, that they burn me; *George* they are as ill as Muſquets charged with Bullets.

George. She has diſcharg'd her ſelf now ſir, you need not fear her.

Cham. No man can love without his affliction, *George*.

George. As you cannot without my Miſtriſs.

Cham. Right, right, there's harmony in Diſcords: this Lamp of Love while any Oyl is left, can never be extinct, it may (like a ſnuff) wink and ſeem to die, but up he will agen and ſhew his head; I cannot be quiet *George*, without my wife at home.

George. And when ſhe's at home, you're never quiet I'm ſure, a fine life you have on't: well ſir, Ile do my beſt to finde her, and bring her back if I can.

Cham. Do honeſt *George*, at *Knaves-bee's* houſe, that Varlots, there's her haunt and harbour, who enforces a Kinſman on her, and calls him Couſin:

Reſtore her *George*, to eaſe this heart that's vext,
The beſt new Sute that e're thou wore'ſt is next.

George I thank you afore-hand ſir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Franklin, yong Creſſ. as before, Ralph, Barber, Boy.

Barb. Were it of greater moment then you ſpeak of (noble Sir)

I hope

I hope you think me ſufficient, and it ſhall be effectually performed.

Frank. I could wiſh your wife did not know it, Cuz. Womens tongues are not always tuneable, I may many ways requite it.

Barb. Believe me, ſhe ſhall not ſir, which will be the hardeſt thing of all. *Frank.* Pray you diſpatch him then.

Barb. With the celerity a man tells Gold to him.

Frank. He hits a good compariſon! give my *Waſte-good* your Stuffs, and go with my Couſin ſir, he'l preſently diſpatch you.

Ralph. Yes Sir. *Barb.* Come with me youth, I am ready for you in my more private chamber. *Exeunt Barber & Ralph.*

Frank. Sirrah go you ſhew your Lady the Stuffs, and let her chooſe her colour, away, you know whether: Boy, prithee lend me a Bruſh i'th mean time: Do you tarry all day now.

Yong Creſſ. That I will ſir, and all night too, e're I come agen. *Exit Yong Creſſingham.*

Boy. Here's a Bruſh ſir. *Frank.* A good childe.

Barber within. What *Toby*. *Boy.* Anon ſir.

Barber within. Why when, goodman Picklock?

Boy. I muſt attend my Maſter, ſir: I come. *Exit boy.*

Frank. Do pretty Lad: ſo, take water at *Cole-harbor*,
An eaſie Mercer, and an innocent Barber. *Exit Franklin.*

Enter Barber, Ralph, Boy.

Barb. So friend, Ile now diſpatch you preſently: Boy, reach me my Diſ-membring Inſtrument, and let my *Cauterize* be ready; and hark you Snipſnap. *Boy.* I Sir.

Barb. See if my *Luxinium*, my *Fomentation* be provided firſt, and get my Rowlers, Bolſters, and Pleggets arm'd.

Ralph. Nay good ſir diſpatch my buſineſs firſt; I ſhould not ſtay from my ſhop. *Barb.* You muſt have a little patience ſir, when you are a Patient; if *Prepuſium* be not too much periſht, you ſhall looſe but little by it, believe my Art for that. *Ralph.* What's that ſir? *Barb.* Marry if there be exulceration between *Prepuſium* and *Glannce*, by my faith the whole *Penis* may be endanger'd as far as *Os pubes*. *Ralph.* What's this you talk on, ſir?

Barb. If they be gangren'd once, *Teſticuli*, *Veſica*, and all may run to mortification. *Ralph.* What a pox does this Barber talk on?

Barb. O fie youth, *Pox* is no word of Art, *Morbus Gallicus*, or *Neopolitanus* had bin well: Come friend, you muſt not be nice; open

your griefs freely to me. *Ralph.* Why ſir, I open my grief to you, I want my money. *Barb.* Take you no care for that, your worthy Couſin has given me part in hand, and the reſt I know he will upon your recovery, and I dare take his word.

Ralph. 's Death, where's my Ware? *Barb.* Ware! that was well, the word is cleanly, though not artful; your Ware it is that I muſt ſee. *Ralph.* My *Tobine*, and Cloth of *Tiſſue*?

Barb. You will neither have Tiſſue nor Iſſue, if you linger in your malady: better a Member cut off, then endanger the whole *Microcoſm.* *Ralph.* Barber, you are not mad?

Barb. I do begin to fear you are ſubject to *Subech*, unkindly ſleeps, which have bred opilations in your brain; take heed, the *Simptoma* will follow, and this may come to Phrenſie: begin with the firſt cauſe, which is the pain of your Member. *Ralph.* Do you ſee my Yard, Barber? *Barb.* Now you come to the purpoſe, 'tis that I muſt ſee indeed. *Ralph.* You ſhall feel it ſir: Death, give me my fifty pounds, or my Ware agen, or I'le meaſure out your Anatomy by the yard. *Barb.* Boy, my Cauterizing-Iron red hot. *Exit boy.* *Boy.* 'Tis here, ſir.

Barb. If you go further, I take my Diſ-membring Knife.

Ralph. Where's the Knight your Couſin? the Thief, and the Taylor with my Cloth of Gold and Tiſſue?

Boy. The Gentleman that ſent away his man with the Stuffs, is gone a pretty while ſince, he has carried away our new Bruſh.

Barb. O that Bruſh hurts my hearts ſide: Cheated! cheated! he told me that your *Virga* had a Burning-feaver.

Ralph. Pox on your *Virga*, Barber.

Barb. And that you would be baſhful, and aſham'd to ſhow your head.

Ralph. I ſhall ſo hereafter, but here it is, you ſee yet my head, my hair, and my wit, and here are my heels that I muſt ſhew to my Maſter, if the Cheaters be not found; and Barber, provide thee Plaiſters, I will break thy head with every Baſon under the Pole. *Exit Ralph.*

Barb. Cool the *Luxinium*, and quench the *Cauterizer*,
I am partly out of my wits, and partly mad:
My Razor's at my heart: theſe ſtorms will make
My Sweet-balls ſtink, my harmleſs Baſons ſhake. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS

Actus III.

Enter Selenger, Mris. Knaves-bee.

Sel. YOu 're welcome Miſtriſs (as I may ſpeak it) but my Lord will give it a ſweeter Emphaſis: Ile give him knowledge of you. *Exiturus.*

Mris. Knavesb. Good ſir ſtay, methinks it ſounds ſweeteſt upon your tongue, Ile wiſh you to go no further for my welcome.

Sel. Mine! it ſeems you never heard good Muſick, that commend a Bag-pipe: hear his harmony.

Mris. Kna. Nay good now, let me borrow of your patience, Ile pay you agen before I riſe to morrow, if it pleaſe you.

Sel. What would you forſooth? *Mris. Kna.* Your company ſir. *Sel.* My attendance you ſhould have Miſtriſs, but that my Lord expects it, and 'tis his due. *Mris Kna.* And muſt be paid upon the hour! that's too ſtrict, any time of the day will ſerve.

Sel. Alas 'tis due every minute, and paid, 'tis due agen, or elſe I forfeit my recognizance, the Cloth I wear of his.

Mris Kna. Come, come, pay it double at another time, and 'twil be quitted, I have a little uſe of you.

Sel. Of me, forſooth, ſmall uſe can be made of me: if you have ſuit to my Lord, none can ſpeak better for you then you may your ſelf. *Mris Kna.* Oh, but I am baſhful. *Sel.* So am I in troth, Miſtriſs. *Mris Kna.* Now I remember me, I have a toy to deliver your Lord that's yet unfiniſht, and you may further me, pray you your hands, while I unwinde this Skain of Gold from you, 't will not detain you long. *Sel.* You winde me into your ſervice prettily; with all the haſte you can, I beſeech you.

Mris Kna. If it tangle not, I ſhall ſoon have done.

Sel. No, it ſhall not tangle if I can help it, forſooth.

Mris Kna. If it do I can help it, fear not, this thing of long length you ſhall ſee I can bring you to a bottom.

Sel. I think ſo too, if it be not bottomleſs, this length will reach it

Mris Kna. It becomes you finely, but I forewarn you, and remember it your enemy gain not this advantage of you, you are his priſoner then; for look you, you are mine now, my captive manacled,

nacled, I have your hands in bondage. *graſps the skain between his hands.*

Sel. 'Tis a good Leſſon, Miſtriſs, and I am perfect in it, another time I'le take out this, and learn another, pray you releaſe me now. *Mris Kna.* I could kiſs you now ſpite of your teeth, if it pleaſe me. *Sel.* But you could not, for I could bite you with the ſpite of my teeth, if it pleaſes me. *Mris Kna.* Well, I'le not tempt you ſo far, I ſhew it but for rudiment. *Sel.* When I go a wooing, I'le think on't agen. *Mris Kna.* In ſuch an hour I learnt it, ſay I ſhould (in recompence of your hands courteſie) make you a fine Wriſt-favor of this Gold, with all the letters of your Name imboſt on a ſoft Treſs of Hair, which I ſhall cut from mine own Fillet, whoſe ends ſhould meet and cloſe in a faſt True-love-knot, would you wear it for my ſake, ſir?

Sel. I think not, truly Miſtriſs, my Wriſts have enough of this Gold already, would they were rid on't yet: pray yuo have done, in troth I'm weary.

Mris Kna. And what a vertue is here expreſt in you, which had layn hid but for this tryal; weary of Gold, ſir! Oh that the cloſe Engroſſers of this Treaſure could be ſo free to put it off of hand, what a new mended world would here be! It ſhows a generous condition in you, in ſooth I think I ſhall love you dearly for't.

Sel. But if they were in priſon, as I am, they would be glad to buy their freedom with it.

Mris Kna. Surely no, there are that rather then releaſe this dear companion, do lye in priſon with it, yes, and will die in priſon too.

Enter Beaufort.

Sel. 'Twere pity but the hangman did enfranchiſe both.

Beau. Selenger, where are you? *Sel.* Eene here, my Lord. Miſtriſs, pray you my liberty, you hinder my duty to my Lord.

Beau. Nay ſir, one courteſie ſhall ſerve us both at this time; you'r buſie I perceive, when your leiſure next ſerves you I would employ you. *Beaufort puts off his Hat.*

Sel. You muſt pardon me, my Lord, you ſee I am entangled here: Miſtriſs I proteſt Ile break priſon, if you free me not, take you no notice? *Mris Kna.* Oh cry your Honor mercy, you are now at liberty, ſir. *Sel.* And I'm glad on't, I'le ne're give both my hands at once agen to a womans command, I'le put one finger

in

in a hole rather. *Beau.* Leave us. *Sel.* Free leave have you, my Lord, ſo I think you may have: filthy Beauty, what a white witch thou art! *Exit Selenger.*

Beau. Lady, y'are welcome. *Mris Kna.* I did believe it from your Page, my Lord. *Beau.* Your husband ſent you to me.

Mris Kna. He did my Lord, with duty and commends unto your Honor, beſeeching you to uſe me very kindly, by the ſame token your Lordſhip gave him grant of a New Leaſe of Threeſcore pounds a year, which he and his ſhould forty years enjoy.

Beau. The token's true, and for your ſake Lady, 'tis likely to be better'd, not alone the Leaſe, but the Fee-ſimple may be his and yours. *Mris Kna.* I have a ſuit unto your Lordſhip too, only my ſelf concerns. *Beau.* 'T will be granted ſure, tho' it out-value thy husbands. *Mris Kna.* Nay, 'tis ſmall charge, onely your good will, and good word, my Lord.

Beau. The firſt is thine confirm'd, the ſecond then cannot ſtay long behinde. *Mris Kna.* I love your Page, ſir.

Beau. Love him! for what? *Mris Kna.* Oh, the great wiſdoms that our Grandſires had! do you ask me reaſon for't? I love him, becauſe I like him, ſir. *Beau.* My Page!

Mris Kna. In mine eye, hee's a moſt delicate youth, but in my heart a thing that it would bleed for.

Beau. Either your eye is blinded, or your remembrance broken: call to minde wherefore you came hither, Lady.

Mris Kna. I do my Lord, for love, and I am in profoundly.

Beau You trifle ſure, do you long for unripe fruit? 'twill breed diſeaſes in you. *Mris Kna.* Nothing but worms in my belly, and there's a Seed to expel them; in mellow falling fruit I finde no reliſh. *Beau.* 'Tis true, the youngeſt Vines yields the moſt Cluſters, but the old ever the ſweeteſt Grapes.

Mris Kna. I can taſte of both ſir; but with the old I am the ſooneſt cloid: the green keep ſtill an edge on appetite.

Beau. Sure you are a common creature.

Mris Kna. Did you doubt it, wherefore came I hither elſe? Did you think that honeſty onely had bin immur'd for you, and I ſhould bring it as an Offertorie unto your ſhrine of Luſt? As it was, my Lord, 'twas meant to you, had not the ſlippery Wheel of *Fancy* turn'd when I beheld your Page; nay had I ſeen another before

him.

him in mine eyes better grace, he had bin fore-ſtal'd; but as it is, (all my ſtrength cannot help) beſeech you your good will, and good word, my Lord, you may command him, ſir; if not affection, yet his body, and I deſire but that, do't, and I'le command my ſelf your proſtitute. *Beau.* Y'are a baſe ſtrumpet, I ſucceed my Page! *Mris Kna.* Oh that's no wonder, my Lord, the ſervant oft taſtes to his Maſter of the daintieſt Diſh he brings to him; beſeech you, my Lord.

Beau. Y'are a bold Miſchief, and to make me your Spokes-man; your procurer to my Servant.

Mris Kna. Do you ſhrink at that? why, you have done worſe without the ſenſe of ill, with a full free conſcience of a Libertine: Judge your own ſin, was it not worſe with a damn'd Broking-fee to a corrupt Husband, ſtate him a *Pandor* to his own wife, by vertue of a Leaſe made to him and your Baſtard iſſue, could you get 'em: what a degree of baſeneſs call you this? 'Tis a poor Sheep-ſteal provok'd by want, compar'd unto a Capital Traitor; the Maſter to his ſervant may be recompenc't, but the husband to his wife never.

Beau. Your husband ſhall ſmart for this. *Exit Beaufort.*

Mris Kna. Hang him, do, you have brought him to deſerve it, bring him to the puniſhment, there I'le joyn with you: I loath him to the Gallowes, hang your Page too, one Mourning-Gown ſhall ſerve for both of them: This trick hath kept mine honeſty ſecure, beſt Soldiers uſe policy, the Lions skin
Becomes not the body when 'tis too great,
But then the Foxes may ſit cloſe, and neat. *Exit.*

Enter Fleſh-hook, Counter-buff, and Sweetball the Barber.

Barb. Now *Fleſh-hook*, uſe thy talon, ſet upon his right ſhoulder; thy Sergeant *Counter-buff* at the left, graſp in his *Jugulars*, and then let me alone to tickle his *Diaphragma.*

Fleſh. You are ſure he has no protection, ſir?

Barb. A protection to cheat and cozen! there was never any granted to that purpoſe. *Fleſh.* I grant you that too, ſir, but that uſe has him made of 'em. *Counterb.* Marry has there ſir, how could elſe ſo many broken Bankrupts play up and down by their Creditors noſes, and we dare not touch 'em?

Barb. That's another Caſe, *Counter buff*, there's priviledge to cozen; but here cozenage went before, and there's no priviledge

for

for that; to him boldly, I will ſpend all the *Sizzars* in my ſhop, but I'le have him ſnapt.

Counterb. Well ſir, if he come within the length of large Mace once, wee'l teach him to cozen.

Barb. Marry hang him, teach him no more cozenage, he's too perfect in't already; go gingerly about it, lay your Mace on gingerly, and ſpice him ſoundly.

Counterb. He's at the Tavern, you ſay?

Barb. At the *Man in the Moon*, above ſtairs, ſo ſoon as he comes down, and the Buſh left at his back, *Ralph* is the dog behinde him: he watches to give us notice, be ready then my dear Blood-hounds, you ſhall deliver him to *Newgate*, from thence to the Hang-man; his body I will beg of the Sheriffs, for at the next Lecture I am likely to be the Maſter of my Anatomy, then will I vex every vein about him, I will finde where his Diſeaſe of Cozenage lay, whether in the *Vertebræ*, or in *Oſcox Index*, but I gueſs I ſhall finde it deſcend from *Humore*, through the *Thoric*, and lye juſt at his fingers ends. *Enter Ralph.*

Ralph. Be in readineſs, for hee's coming this way, alone too; ſtand to't like Gentleman and Yeoman, ſo ſoon as he is in ſight, I'le go fetch my Maſter.

Barb. I have had a *Conquaſſition* in my *Cerebrum* ever ſince the diſaſter, and now it takes me agen, if it turn to a *Megrum*, I ſhall hardly abide the ſight of him.

Ralph. My Action of Defamation ſhall be clapt on him too, I will make him appear to't in the ſhape of a white Sheet all embroidered over with *Peccavi's*: look about, I'le go fetch my Maſter.

Enter Franklin.

Counterb. I Arreſt you, ſir.

Frank. Ha qui va la, que penſes vous faire Meſſieurs, me voles vous derober, ie nay point d'argent: Je ſuis vn pouure Gentilhomme Francois.

Barb. Whoop! pray you ſir ſpeak Engliſh you did when you bought Cloth of Gold at ſix *Nihils* a yard, when *Ralphs Preputium* was exulcerated.

Frank. Que voules vous, me voules vous tuer; Le Francois ne ſont point enemis: voila ma bource, que voles vous d'avantage.

Counterb. Is not your name *Franklin*, ſir?

Frank. Je na'y point de Joiaux que ceſtui ci; et ceſt a Monſieur L'ambaſadeur, il m'en voie a ces afaires et vous enpaiches mon ſervice. *Enter Chamlet and Ralph haſtily.*

Counterb. Sir, we are miſtaken for ought I perceive.

Cham. So,ſo, you have caught him,that's well: how do you ſir?

Frank. Vous ſembles eſtre vn homme courtois, Je vous prie entendes mes affaires: il y a ici deux ou erois Quenailles qui m'ont aſſeige vn pouure eſtranger, qui ne leur ay fait nul mal,ny donner mauuaiſe parrolle, ny tirer mon eſpet; l'un me prend par vne eſpaule, et me frape deux Liure peiſant; L'autre me tire par le bras, il par le ie ne ſcay quoy: Je leur ay donne ma bource, et ſi ne me veulent point Laiſer aller; que feray ie Monſieur?

Cham. This is a French-man it ſeems, ſirs.

Counterb. We can finde no other in him, ſir, and what that is we know not. *Cham.* He's very like the man we ſeek for, elſe my lights go falſe. *Barb.* In your ſhop they may ſir,but here they go true: this is he.

Ralph. The very ſame ſir, as ſure as I am *Ralph*, this is the Raſcal. *Counterb.* Sir, unleſs you will abſolutely challenge him the man, we dare not proceed further.

Enter Margarita a French Bawd.

Fleſh. I fear we are too far already.

Cham. I know not what to ſay to't.

Marga. Bon iour, bon iour, Gentilhommes.

Barb. How now! more News from *France*?

Frank. Ceſte femme ici eſt de mon pais, Madame ie vous prie Leur dire mon pais, il mont retarge Je ne ſcay pour quoy.

Marga. Eſtes vous de *France* Monſieur?

Frank Madame vay eſt, que ie les ay trompes, et ſuis areſte, et n'ay nul moien de chaper quan chanſant mon Language aides moy en ceſt affaire: Je vous cognois bien, ou vous tenes vn Bordeau; vous et les voſtre en ſeres de mieulx.

Marga. Laiſes faire a moy; Eſte vous de *Lion* dites vous.

Frank. De *Lion*, ma chere Damme.

Marga. Ma Cozin! Je ſuis bien aiſe de vous voire en bonne diſpoſition? *Embrace and complement.*

Frank. Man Cozin! *Cham.* This is a French-man ſure.

Barb. If he be, 'tis the likeſt an Engliſh-man that ever I ſaw, all his

his dimenſions, proportions! had I but the diſſecting of his heart, in *capſula cordis*, could I finde it now; for a French-mans heart is more qualitive and ſubject to tremor, then an Engliſh-mans.

Cham. Stay, wee'l further enquire of this Gentlewoman. Miſtriſs, if you have ſo much Engliſh to help us with (as I think you have, for I have long ſeen you about *London*) pray tell us, and truly tell us, Is this Gentleman a natural French-man, or no?

Marga. Ey begar, de French-man, borne a *Lyon*, my Cozin.

Cham. Your Couſin? if he be not your Couſin, he's my Couſin, ſure. *Marga.* Ey konoſhe his Pere, what you call his Fadre? he ſell *Poiſons*. *Barb.* Sell poiſons, his father was a Potycarry then.

Marg. No, no, *Poiſons*, what you call, Fiſh, fiſh?

Barb. Oh, he was a Fiſhmonger. *Marga.* Ouy, ouy.

Cham. Well, well, we are miſtaken I ſee, pray you ſo tell him, and requeſt him not to be offended; an honeſt man may look like a knave, and be ne're the worſe for't, the error was in our eyes, and now we finde it in his tongue.

Marga. Je ſaieray encore vne ſois Monſieur Cozin, pour voſtre ſauuete, ales vous en; voſtre Liberte eſt ſuſiſant: Je gaineray le reſte pour mon devoir, et vous aures voſtre part a mon Eſcole: J'ay vne fillie qui parle vn peu Francois, elle converſera avec vous a la Fleur de Lice en *Turnbull-ſtreet*: Mon Cozin aies ſoin de vous meſme, et trompes ces Ignorans.

Frank. Cozin pour L'amour de vous, et principallement pour moy, ie ſuis content de m'en aller, Je trouueray voſtre Eſcole, et ſi voz Eſcoliers me ſont agreable, ie tireray a L'eſpe' ſeule, et ſi d'auenture ie le rompe, Je paiera diz ſou's et pour ce vieulx Foll, eé ce deux Quenailles, ce Poullens Snip ſnap, et L'autre bonnet rond, Je les voiray pendre premier que ie les voie. *Ex. Frank.*

Cham. So, ſo, ſhe has got him off; but I perceive much anger in his countenance ſtill: and what ſays he, Madam?

Marga. Mooſh, mooſh anger, but ey conoſh heere Lodging, ſhall coole him very well, Dere is a Kinſe-womans can mooſh allay heere heat and heere ſpleene, ſhe ſhall do for my ſaka, and he no trobla you. *Cham.* Look, there is earneſt, but thy reward's behinde: Come to my ſhop, the *Holy Lamb* in *Lombard-ſtreet*, thou haſt one ffiend more then e're thou hadſt.

Marga. Tanck u Monſieur, ſhall viſit u: ey make all paciſie:

a voſtre ſervice treſhumbement,tree,four,five fool of u. *Ex.Marg.*

Cham. What's to be done now?

Counterb. To pay us for our pains ſir, and better reward us,that we may be provided againſt further danger that may come upon's for falſe impriſonment.

Cham. All goes falſe I think: what do you neighbor *Sweetball?*

Barb. I muſt Phlebotomize ſir, but my Almanack ſays the Sign is in *Taurus*; I dare not cut my own throat, but if I finde any preſident that ever Barber hang'd himſelf, Ile be the ſecond example.

Ralph. This was your ill *Luxinium*, Barber, to cauſe all to be cheated. *Counterb.* What ſay you to us, ſir?

Cham. Good friends, come to me at a calmer hour, my ſorrows lye in heaps upon me now; what you have, keep, if further trouble follow Ile take it on me; I would be preſt to death.

Counterb. Well ſir, for this time we'l leave you.

Barb. I will go with you, Officers, I will walk with you in the open ſtreet though it be a ſcandal to me; for now I have no care of my credit, a Cacokenny is run all over me. *Exeunt.*

Cham. What ſhall we do now, *Ralph?* *Enter George.*

Ralph. Faith I know not, ſir: here comes *George*, it may be he can tell you.

Cham. And there I look for more diſaſter ſtill, yet *George* appeares in a ſmiling countenance. *Ralph*, home to the ſhop, leave *George* and I together.

Ralph. I am gone, ſir. *Exit Ralph.*

Cham. Now *George*, what better News Eaſtward? all goes ill to'ther way. *George.* I bring you the beſt news that ever came about your ears in your life, ſir.

Cham. Thou putſt me in good comfort, *George.*

George. My Miſtriſs,your wife, will never trouble you more.

Cham. Ha? never trouble me more: of this, *George*, may be made a ſad conſtruction, that phraſe we ſometimes uſe when death makes the ſeparation, I hope it is not ſo with her, *George?*

George. No ſir,but ſhe vows ſhe'l never come home agen to you, ſo you ſhall live quietly,and this I took to be very good news, ſir.

Cham. The worſt that could be this, candid poiſon; I love her, *George*, and I am bound to do ſo, the tongues bitterneſs muſt not ſeparate the united ſouls: 'twere baſe and cowardly for all to yield

to

to the ſmall Tongues aſſault: the whole building muſt not be taken down, for the repairing of a broken window.

George. I but this is a Principal, ſir: the truth is, ſhe will be divorc't, ſhe ſays, and is laboring with her Couſin *Knave* (what do you call him?) I have forgotten the latter end of his name.

Cham. Knaves-bee, George.

George. I *Knave*, or *Knaves-bee*, one I took it to be.

Cham. Why neither rage, nor envy, can make a cauſe, *George.*

George. Yes ſir, not onely at your perſon, but ſhe ſhoots at your ſhop too, ſhe ſays you vent Ware that is not warrantable, brayded Ware, and that you give not *London* meaſure: women you know look for more then a bare yard: and then you keep children in the name of your own, which ſhe ſuſpects came not in at the right door

Cham. She may as well ſuſpect immaculate Truth to be curſed Falſhood. *George.* I but if ſhe will, ſhe will, ſhe's a woman ſir.

Cham. 'Tis moſt true, *George*: well, that ſhall be redreſt, my Couſin *Creſſingham* muſt yield me pardon, the children ſhall home agen, and thou ſhalt conduct 'em, *George.*

George. That done, Ile be bold to venter once more for her recovery, ſince you cannot live at liberty; but becauſe you are a rich Citizen, you will have your Chain about your neck; I think I have a device will bring you together bi'th years agen, and then look to 'em as well as you can.

Cham. Oh *George*, amongſt all my heavy Troubles, this is the groaning weight; but reſtore my Wife.

George. Although you ne're lead hour of quiet life.

Cham. I will endeavor't *George*, I'le lend her Will
A power and rule to keep all huſht and ſtill;
Eat we all Sweet-meats we are ſ[o]oneſt rotten.

George. A Sentence! pity 't ſhould have bin forgotten. *Exeunt.*

Actus IV.

Enter Sir Francis Creſſingham, *and a Surveyor.*

Sur. WHere's Mr. Steward? *Creſſ.* Within: what are you, ſir? *Sur.* A Surveyor, ſir. *Creſſ.* And an Almanack-maker, I take it: Can you tell me what foul weather

is

is toward? *Sur.* Marry the fowleſt weather is, that your Land is flying away. *Exit Surveyor.*

Creſſ. A moſt terrible prognoſtication! All the reſort, all the buſineſs to my houſe is to my Lady and Mr. Steward; whileſt Sir *Francis* ſtands for a Cypher: I have made away my ſelf and my power, as if I had done it by Deed of Gift: here comes the Comptroller of the Game. *Enter Saunder.*

Saunder. What, are you yet reſolved to tranſlate this unneceſſary Land into ready money? *Creſſ.* Tranſlate it?

Saun. The Conveyances are drawn, and the money ready: my Lady ſent me to you, to know directly if you meant to go through in the Sale; if not, ſhe reſolves of another courſe.

Creſſ. Thou ſpeakeſt this cheerfully methinks, whereas faithful ſervants were wont to mourn when they beheld the Lord that fed and cheriſht them, is by curſt inchantment remov'd into another blood. *Creſſingham* of *Creſſingham* has continued many years, and muſt the Name ſink now?

Saun. All this is nothing to my Ladies reſolution, it muſt be done, or ſhe'l not ſtay in *England*: ſhe would know whether your ſon be ſent for, that muſt likewiſe ſet his hand t'oth' Sale; for otherwiſe the Lawyers ſay there cannot be a ſure Conveyance made to the Buyer. *Creſſ.* Yes, I have ſent for him: but I pray thee think what a hard task 't will be for a Father to perſwade his ſon and heir to make away his inheritance.

Saun. Nay for that, uſe your own Logick: I have heard you talk at the Seſſions terribly againſt Deer-ſtealers, and that kept you from being put out of the Commiſſion. *Exit Saunder.*

Enter young Creſſingham.

Creſſ. I do live to ſee two miſeries, one to be commanded by my Wife, the other to be cenſured by my ſlave.

Yong Creſſ. That which I have wanted long, and has bin cauſe of my irregular courſes, I beſeech you let raiſe me from the ground

Creſſ. Riſe *George*, there's a hundred pounds for you, and my Bleſſing, with theſe, your mothers favor: but I here your ſtudies are become too licentious of late.

Yong Creſſ. H'as heard of my cozenage.

Creſſ. What's that you are writing? *Yong Creſſ.* Sir, not any thing. *Creſſ.* Come, I hear there's ſomething coming forth

forth of yours, will be your undoing. *Yong Creſſ.* Of mine ?

Creſſ. Yes of your writing; ſomewhat you ſhould write, will be dangerous to you. I have a ſuit to you.

Yong Creſſ. Sir, my obedience makes you commander in all things.

Creſſ. I pray ſuppoſe I had committed ſome fault, for which my Life and ſole Eſtate were forfeit to the Law, and that ſome great Man neer the King ſhould labor to get my pardon, on condition he might enjoy my Lordſhip, could you prize your Fathers Life above the grievous loſs of your inheritance ?

Yong Creſſ. Yes, and my own Life at ſtake too.

Creſſ. You promiſe fair, I come now to make trial of it: You know I have married one whom I hold ſo dear, that my whole life is nothing but a meer eſtate depending upon her will, and her affections to me: ſhe deſerves ſo well, I cannot longer merit then *durante bene placita*, 'tis her pleaſure, and (her wiſdom moves in't too) of which Ile give you ample ſatisfaction hereafter, that I ſell the Land my Father left me: You change colour! I have promis'd her to do't, and ſhould I fail, I muſt expect the remainder of my life as full of trouble and vexation, as the Suit for a Divorce; it lies in you by ſetting of your hand unto the Sale, to add length to his life that gave you yours.

Yong Creſſ. Sir, I do now ingeniouſly perceive why you ſaid lately, ſomewhat I ſhould write would be my undoing, meaning (as I take it) ſetting my hand to this Aſſurance: Oh good Sir, ſhall I paſs away my Birth-right? Oh remember there is a malediction denounc't againſt it in Holy Writ: will you for her pleaſure, the Inheritance of *Deſolation* leave to your poſterity? think how compaſſionate the creatures of the field that onely live on the wilde benefits of *Nature*, are unto their yong ones; think likewiſe you may have more children by this woman, and by this act you undo them too: 'tis a ſtrange preſident this, to ſee an obedient ſon laboring good counſel to the father! But know Sir, that the ſpirits of my Great-Grandfather and your Father moves at this preſent in me, and what they bequeath'd you, on your Death-bed they charge you not to give away in the dalliance of a womans bed: Good Sir, let it not be thought preſumption in me, that I have continued my ſpeech unto this length, the cauſe ſir, is urgent, and believe it you ſhall finde her Beauty as malevolent unto you, as a red morning

that

that doth ſtill foretel a foul day to follow : Oh Sir, keep your Land, keep that to keep your Name immortal, and you ſhall ſee

All that her Malice and proud Will procures,
Shall ſhew her ugly heart, but hurt not yours.

Creſſ. Oh I am diſtracted, and my very ſoul ſends bluſhes into my cheeks. *Enter George with the two Children.*

Yong Creſſ. See here an Object to beget more compaſſion.

George. O Sir *Francis*, we have a moſt lamentable houſe at home, nothing to be heard in't but Separation and Divorces, and ſuch a noiſe of the Spiritual Court, as if it were a Tenement upon *London*-Bridge, and built upon the Arches.

Creſſ. What's the matter? *George.* All about Boarding your children, my Miſtriſs is departed. *Creſſ.* Dead?

George. In a ſort ſhe is, and laid out too, for ſhe is run away from my Maſter. *Creſſ.* Whither? *George.* Seven miles off, into *Eſſex*, ſhe vowd never to leave Barking while ſhe liv'd, till theſe were brought home agen.

Creſſ. Oh they ſhall not offend her. I am ſorry for't.

1 *Childe.* I am glad we are come home ſir, for we liv'd in the unquieteſt houſe! 2 *Childe.* The angry woman me thought grutcht us our victuals : our new Mother is a good Soul, and loves us, and does not frown ſo like a Vixen as ſhe does.

1 *Childe.* I am at home now, and in heaven me thinks: what a comfort 'tis to be under your wing!

2 *Childe.* Indeed my mother was wont to call me your Neſtle-cock, and I love you as well as ſhe did.

Enter Saunder, Knaves-bee, and Surveyor.

Creſſ. You are my pretty ſouls.

Yong Creſſ. Does not the prattle of theſe move you?

Saun. Look you Sir, here's the Conveyance and my Ladies Solicitor, pray reſolve what to do, my Lady is coming down. How now *George*, how does thy Miſtriſs that ſits in a Wainſcot Gown, like a Citizens Lure to draw in Cuſtomers? oh ſhe's a pretty Mouſtrap! *George.* She's ill baited though to take a Welch-man, ſhe cannot away with Cheeſe.

Creſſ. And what muſt I do now? *Kna.* Acknowledge a Fine and Recovery of the Land, then for poſſeſſion the courſe is common. *Creſſ.* Carry back the Writings ſir, my minde is chang'd.

chang'd. *Saun.* Chang'd! do not you mean to ſeal?

Enter Lady Creſſingham.

Creſſ. No Sir, the Tide's turn'd.

Saun. You muſt temper him like wax, or he'l not ſeal.

Lady. Are you come back again? How now, have you done?

1 *Childe.* How do you, Lady Mother? *Lady.* You are good children; bid my woman give them ſome Sweet-meats.

1 *Childe.* Indeed I thank you: Is not this a kinde Mother?

Yong Creſſ. Poor fools, you know not how dear you ſhall pay for this Sugar. *Lady.* What, han't you diſpatcht?

Creſſ. No Sweeteſt. I am diſſwaded by my ſon from the Sale o'th Land. *Lady.* Diſſwaded by your ſon! *Creſſ.* I cannot get his hand to't. *Lady.* Where's our Steward? cauſe preſently that all my Beds and Hangings be taken down; provide Carts, pack them up, I'le to my Houſe i'th Countrey, have I ſtudied the way to your preferment and your childrens, and do you cool i'th upſhot? *Yong Creſſ.* With your pardon, I cannot underſtand this courſe a way to any preferment, rather a direct path to our ruine. *Lady.* Oh ſir, you are young ſighted: ſhew them the project of the Land I mean to buy in *Ireland*, that ſhall out-value yours three thouſand in a year. *Kna.* Look you ſir, here is *Clangibbon*, a fruitful countrey, and well wooded.

Creſſ. What's this, Marſh ground? *Kna.* No, theſe are Boggs, but a little Coſt will drain them. This upper part (*Map.* that runs by the black water, is the *Coſſacks* Land, a ſpacious countrey, and yields excellent profit by the *Salmon*, and fiſhing for *Herring*: here runs the *Kernes-dale*, admirable feed for cattel, and here about is St. *Patrick*'s Purgatory. *Yong Creſſ.* Purgatory! ſhall we purchaſe that too? *Lady.* Come, come, will you diſpatch th'other buſineſs, we may go through with this?

Creſſ. My ſon's unwilling. *Lady.* Upon my ſoul ſir, I'le never bed with you till you have ſeal'd. *Creſſ.* Thou hear'ſt her: on thy bleſſing follow me to'th' Court, and ſeal.

Yong Creſſ. Sir, were it my death, wer't to'th' loſs of my eſtate, I vow to obey you in all things; yet with it remember there are two young ones living that may curſe you: I pray diſpoſe part of the money, on their generous Educations. *Lady.* Fear no you ſir: The Caroche there, when you have diſpatcht, you ſhall finde

me at the Scriveners where I ſhall receive the money.

Yong Creſſ. She'l devour that maſs too. *Lady.* How likeſt thou my power over him? *Saun.* Excellent.

Lady. This is the height of a great Ladies ſway,
When her night-ſervice makes her rule i'th day. *Exeunt. manet (Knaves-bee.*

Enter Knaves bee's Wife.

Kna. Not yet *Sib?* my Lord keeps thee ſo long, th'art welcome I ſee then, and pays ſweetly too: a good wench *Sib* th'art, to obey thy husband. She's come: a hundred mark a year, how fine and eaſie it comes into mine arms now! Welcome home, what ſays my Lord, *Sib?* *Wife.* My Lord ſays you are a Cuckold.

Kna. Ha,ha,ha,ha, I thank him for that Bob ifaith, Ile afford it him again at the ſame price a moneth hence, and let the comodity grow as ſcarce as it will. *Cuckold* ſays his Lordſhip! ha,ha, I ſhall burſt my ſides with laughing that's the worſt, name not a hundred year, for then I burſt. It ſmarts not ſo much as a fillip on the forehead by five parts: what has his dalliance taken from thy lips? 'tis as ſweet as ere 'twas, let me try elſe: buſs me Sugar-candy.

Wife. Forbear, you preſume to a Lords pleaſure!

Kna. How's that! not I *Sib?* *Wife.* Never touch me more, Ile keep the noble Stamp upon my lip, no under baſeneſs ſhall deface it now; you taught me the way, now I am in, Ile keep it, I have kiſt Ambition, and I love it, I loath the memory of every touch my lip hath taſted from thee. *Kna.* Nay but ſweet *Sib*, you do forget your ſelf. *Wife.* I will forget all that I ever was, and nouriſh new ſirrah, I am a Lady. *Kna.* Lord bleſs us Madam. *Wife.* I have enjoy'd a Lord, that's real poſſeſſion, and daily ſhall, the which all Ladies have not with their Lords.

Kna. But with your patience Madam, who was it that prefer'd you to this Ladyſhip? *Wife.* 'Tis all I am beholding to thee for, th'aſt brought me out of ignorance into light, ſimple as I was, I thought thee a man till I found the difference by a man: thou art a beaſt, a horned beaſt, an Ox. *Kna.* Are theſe Ladies terms?

Wife. For thy *Pandors* Fee it ſhall be laid under the Candleſtick, look for't, Ile leave it for thee. *Kna.* A little lower, good your Ladyſhip, my Couſin *Chamlet* is in the houſe, let theſe things go no further. *Wife.* 'Tis for mine own credit if I forbear, not thine, thou bugle-browd beaſt thou.

Enter

Enter George with Rolls of Paper.

George. Bidden, bidden, bidden, bidden; ſo, all theſe are paſt: but here's as large a walk to come, if I do not get it up at the feaſt, I ſhall be leaner for bidding the Gueſts I'm ſure. *Kna.* How now! who's this? *George.* Doctor *Gliſter, et*; what word's this? *f u x o r*, oh *Uxor*, the Doctor and his wife: Mr. *Body et uxor* of *Bow lane*, Mr. *Knaves-bee et uxor.* *Kna.* Ha, we are in, what ſoever the matter is. *George.* Here's forty couple more in this quarter; but there the Proviſion bringing in, that puzzels me moſt: One Ox, that will hardly ſerve for Beef too; five Muttons, ten Lambs, poor innocents, they'l be devoured too; three groſs of Capons. *Kna.* Mercy upon us! what a Slaughter-houſe is here! *George.* Two buſhels of ſmall Birds, Plovers, Snipes, Woodcocks, Partridge, Larks; then for Bak'd-meats.

Kna. George, George, what Feaſt is this? 'tis not for St. *George*'s day? *George.* Cry you mercy ſir, you and your wife are in my Roll: my Maſter invites you his Gueſts to morrow dinner.

Kna. Dinner ſayſt thou? he means to feaſt a moneth ſure.

George. Nay ſir, you make up but a hundred couple.

Kna. Why, what Ship has brought an *India* home to him, that he's ſo bountiful? or what friend dead (unknown to us) has ſo much left to him of arrable Land, that he means to turn to paſture thus?

George. Nay, 'tis a veſſel ſir, a good eſtate comes all in one bottom to him, and 'tis a queſtion whether ever he finde the bottom or no; a thouſand a year, that's the uppermoſt. *Kna.* A thouſand a year! *George.* To go no further about the Buſh ſir, now the Bird is caught; my Maſter is to morrow to be married, and amongſt the reſt invites you a Gueſt, at his Wedding-Dinner the ſecond. *Kna.* Married! *George.* There is no other remedy for fleſh and blood, that will have leave to play whether we will or no, or wander into forbidden paſtures.

Kna. Married! why he is married, man; his wife is in my houſe now, thy Miſtriſs is alive, *George.* *George.* She that was, it may be ſir, but dead to him, ſhe plaid a little too rough with him, and he has diſcarded her, he's divorc'd ſir. *Kna.* He divorc'd! then is her labor ſav'd; for ſhe was laboring a Divorce from him.

George. They are well parted then ſir. *Kna.* But wilt thou not ſpeak with her? 'ifaith invite her to 't.

George. 'Tis not in my Commiſſion, I dare not, fare you well ſir, I have much buſineſs in hand, and the time is ſhort.

Kna. Nay but *George*, I prithee ſtay, may I report this to her for a certain truth? *George.* Wherefore am I employ'd in this Invitation ſir? *Kna.* Prithee what is ſhe, his ſecond Choice?

George. Truly a goodly preſence, likely to bear great children, and great ſtore, ſhe never ſaw five and thirty Summers together in her life by her appearance, and comes in her French-hood, by my ſecks a great Match 'tis like to be; I am ſorry for my old Miſtriſs but cannot help it: pray you excuſe me now ſir, for all the buſineſs goes through my hands, none employ'd but my ſelf. *Exit George.*

Kna. Why here is news that no man will believe, but he that ſees.

Kna. Wife. This, and your Cuckoldry, will be digeſtion throughout the City dinners and ſuppers, for a moneth together, there will need no Cheeſe. *Enter Mris Chamlet.*

Kna. No more of that *Sib:* Ile call my Couſin *Chamlet*, and make her partaker of this ſport; ſhe's come already. Couſin, take't at once, y'are a free woman, your late husband's to be married to morrow.

Mris. Cham. Married! to whom? *Kna.* To a French-hood birlakins, as I underſtand, great chear prepar'd, and great Gueſts invited, ſo far I know. *Mris. Cham.* What a curſt wretch was I to pare my Nails to day, a Fryday too; I lookt for ſome miſchief. *Kna.* Why, I did think this had accorded with your beſt liking, you ſought for him what he has ſonght for you, a *Separation*, and by Divorce too. *Mris. Cham.* Ile Divorce 'em? Is he to be married to a French-hood? I'le dreſs it the Engliſh faſhion; ne're a Coach to be had with ſix horſes to ſtrike fire i'th ſtreets as we go? *Kna.* Will you go home then?

Mris. Cham. Good Couſin, help me to whet one of my knives, while I ſharp the t'other, give me a ſowr apple to ſet my teeth an edge, I would give five pound for the paring of my nails agen: have you ere a Bird-ſpit i'th' houſe, I'le dreſs one diſh to the wedding.

Kna. This violence hurts your ſelf the moſt.

Mris Cham. I care not who I hurt; oh my heart, how it beats a both ſides; will you run with me for a wager into *Lombard-ſtreet* now? *Kna.* I'le walk with you Couſin a ſufficient pace; *Sib.* ſhall come ſoftly after, I'le bring you thorough *Bearbinder-lane.*

Mris Cham. Bearbinder-lane cannot hold me, I'le the neereſt way over

over St. *Mildreds* Church, if I meet any French-hoods by the way, I'le make black patches enow for the rhume. *Exeunt.*

Kna. wife. So 'tis to my wiſh, Maſter *Knavesbee*,
Help to make peace abroad, here you'l finde wars,
I'le have a divorce too, with locks and bars. *Exit.*

Enter George, Margarita.

George. Madam, but ſtay here a little, my Maſter comes inſtantly, I heard him ſay he did ow you a good turn, and now's the time to take it, Ile warrant you a ſound reward e're you go.

Enter Chamlet.

Mar. Ey Tank u de bon cour Monſieur. *George.* Look he's here already, now would a skilful Navigator take in his Sails, for ſure there is a ſtorm towards. *Exit George.*

Cham. Oh Madam I perceive in your countenance (I am beholding to you) All is peace? *Mar.* All quiet, goor frendſheep, ey mooch a doe, ey ſtriue wid him: give goor worda for you; no more ſpeak a de matra, all es undonne u no more trobla.

Enter Mris. Chamlet, and Knavesbee.

Cham. Look, there's the price of a fair pair of Gloves, and wear 'em for my ſake. *Mris Cham.* Oh, oh, oh, my hearts broke out of my ribbes. *Kna.* Nay a little patience.

Marg. Ey tank u artely, ſhall no beſtowe en gloves, ſhall put mooſh more to dees, an beſtowe your ſhop; Regarde dees ſtofa my pettycote u no ſooſh anodre; ſhall deal wid u for mooſh; take in your hand. *Cham.* I ſee it Miſtreſs, 'tis good ſtuff indeed, 'tis a Silk raſh, I can pattern it. *Mris Cham.* Shall he take up her coats before my face? Oh beaſtly creature; French-hood, French-hood, I will make your hair grow thorough. *Cham.* My wife returned! oh welcome home, ſweet *Rachel.*

Mris Cham. I forbid the Banes, Letcher and ſtrumpet, thou ſhalt bear children without noſes. *Marg.* O pardonne my, by my trat ey meane u no hurta: wat u meant by dees?

Mris Cham. I will have thine eyes out, and thy Baſtards ſhall be as blinde as Puppies. *Cham.* Sweet *Rachel*, good Couſin help to pacifie. *Mris Cham.* I forbid the Banes, Adulterer.

Cham. What means ſhe by that ſir? *Kna.* Good Couſin forbid your rage a while, unleſs you hear, by what ſenſe will you receive ſatisfaction? *Mris Cham* By my hands and my teeth ſir,

ſir, give me leave, will you binde me whiles mine enemy kills me?

Cham. Here all are your friends ſweet wife.

Mris Cham. Wil't have two wives? Do and by hang'd Fornicator, I forbid the Banes; give me the French-hood, I'le tread it under feet in a pair of Pantophles.

Marg. Begar ſhall ſave hood head and all; ſhall come no more heer, ey warran u. *Exit Margarita.*

Kna. Sir, the truth is, *Report* ſpoke it for truth, you were to morrow to be married. *Mris Cham.* I forbid the Banes.

Cham. Mercy deliver me, if my grave imbrace me in the bed of death, I would to Church with willing ceremony; but for my wedlock-fellow, here ſhe is the firſt and laſt that ere my thoughts lookt on. *Kna.* Why law you Couſin, this was nought but error or an aſſault of miſchief. *Cham.* Whoſe report was it?

Kna. Your man *Georges*, who invited me to the wedding.

Enter George.

Cham. George? And was he ſober? Good ſir call him.

George. It needs not ſir, I am here already.

Cham. Did you report this *George?* *George.* Yes ſir I did.

Cham. And wherefore did you ſo? *George.* For a new ſute that you promiſt me ſir, if I could bring home my Miſtreſs, and I think ſhe's come with a miſchief. *Mris Cham.* Give me that villaines ears. *George.* I would give ear, if I could hear you talk wiſely. *Mris Cham.* Let me cut off his ears.

George. I ſhall hear worſe of you hereafter then, limb for limb, one of my ears, for one of your tongues, and Ile lay out for my Maſter. *Cham.* 'Twas knavery with a good purpoſe in't, ſweet *Rachel*, this was e'en *Georges* meaning, a ſecond marriage 'twixt thy ſelf and me, and now I wooe the to't, a quiet night will make the Sun like a freſh Bridegroom riſe, and kiſs the chaſt echeek of the roſy morn which we will imitate, and like him creat
Freſh buds of love, freſh ſpreading arms, freſh fruit,
Freſh wedding robes, and *Georges* freſh new ſute.

Mris Cham. This is fine ſtuff, have you much on't to ſell?

George. A remnant of a yard. *Cham.* Come, come, all's well, ſir, you muſt ſup, inſtead of to morrows dinner. *Exeunt.*

Kna. I follow you; no: 'tis another way,
My Lords reward calls me to better cheer

Many

Many good meals a hundred markes a yeer;
my wifes transform'd a Lady, tuſh, ſhee'l come to her ſhape agen,
my Lord rides the circuit,
If I rid along with him, what need I grutch
I can as eaſie ſit, and ſpeed as much. *Exit Knaves-bee.*

ACTUS. V.

Enter old Francklin *in mourning : young* Creſſingham *with young* Francklin *diſguiſ'd like an old Serving-man.*

Yo. Creſſ. SIr, your ſons death which has apparrel'd you in this darker wearing, is a loſs wherein I have ample ſhare; he was my friend. *Old Fran.* He was my neereſt and deereſt enemy, and the perpetual fear of a worſe end had he continued his former diſſolute courſe, makes me weigh his death the lighter.

Yong Creſſ. Yet ſir, with your pardon, if you value him every way as he deſerv'd, it will appear your ſcanting of his means, and the Lord *Beauforts* moſt un-lordly breach of promiſe to him, made him fall upon ſome courſes, to which his nature and mine own, (made deſperate likewiſe by the cruelty of a Mother in Law) would elſe have bin as ſtrange, as inſolent greatneſs is to diſtreſs'd vertue.

Old Frank. Yes, I have heard of that too; your defeat made upon a Mercer, I ſtyle't modeſtly, the Law intends it plain cozenage. *Yong Creſſ.* 'Twas no leſs, but my penitence and reſtitution, may come fairly off from't; it was no Impeachment to the Glory won at *Agencourts* great Battel, that the Atchiever of it in his youth had bin a Purſe-taker, this with all reverence to'th great Example. Now to my buſineſs, wherein you have made ſuch noble tryal of your worth, that in a world ſo dull as this, where faith is almoſt grown to be a miracle, I have found a friend ſo worthy as your ſelf, to purchaſe all the Land my Father ſold at the perſwaſion of a riotous woman, and charitable to reſerve it for his uſe, and the good of his three children; this I ſay, is ſuch a deed ſhall ſtyle you our Preſerver, and ow the memory of your worth, and pay it to all poſterity. *Old Frank.* Sir, what I have done, looks to the end of the good deed it ſelf, no other way i'th world.

Yong Creſſ. But would you pleaſe out of a friendly reprehenſion,

to

to make him ſenſible of the weighty wrong he has done his children, yet I would not have it too bitter, for he undergoes already ſuch torment in a womans naughty pride, too harſh reproof would kill him. *Old Frank.* Leave you that to my diſcretion: I have made my ſelf my ſons Executor, and am come upon purpoſe to collect his Creditors, and where I finde his pennyworth conſcionable, Ile make them in part ſatisfaction: *Enter George.* Oh this fellow was born neer me, and his trading here i'th City may bring me to the knowledge of the men my ſon ought money to.

George. Your Worſhip's welcome to *London*, and I pray how does all our good friends i'th Countrey? *Old Frank.* They are well, *George*: how thou art ſhot up ſince I ſaw thee? what, I think thou art almoſt out of thy Time? *George.* I am out of my wits ſir, I have liv'd in a kinde of *Bedlam* theſe four years, how can I be mine own man then? *Old Frank.* Why, what's the matter?

George. I may turn *Soap-boyler*, I have a looſe body: I am turn'd away from my Maſter. *Old Frank.* How! turn'd away! *Indenture.* *George.* I am gone ſir, not in drink, and yet you may behold my Indentures: Oh the wicked wit of woman, for the good turn I did bringing her home, ſhe ne're left ſucking my Maſters breath, like a Cat, kiſſing him I mean, till I was turn'd away!

Old Frank. I have heard ſhe's a terrible woman. *George.* Yes, and the miſerableſt! her ſparing in Houſe-keeping has coſt him ſomewhat, the *Dagger-pyes* can teſtifie: ſhe has ſtood in's light moſt miſerably, like your Faſting-days before Red letters in the Almanack: ſaying, the pinching of our bellies would be a mean to make him wear Scarlet the ſooner. She had once perſwaded him to have bought Spectacles for all his ſervants, that they might have worn 'em dinner and ſupper. *Old Frank.* To what purpoſe?

George. Marry, to have made our Victuals ſeem bigger than 't was: ſhe ſhews from whence ſhe came, that my Winde-collick can witneſs. *Old Frank.* Why, whence came ſhe?

George. Marry from a Courtier, and an Officer too, that was up and down I know not how often. *Old. Fra.* Had he any great place? *George.* Yes, and a very high one, but he got little by it; he was one that blew the Organ in the Court Chappel, our Puritans, eſpecially your Puritans in *Scotland*, could ne're away with him.

Old. Fran. Is ſhe one of the Sect? *George.* Faith I think not, for

for I am certain, ſhe denies her husband the ſupremacy.

Old Frank. Well *George*, your difference may be reconcil'd. I am now to uſe your help in a buſineſs that concerns me: here's a Note of mens names here i'th' City, unto whom my ſon ought money, but I do not know their dwelling? *Geor.* Let me ſee ſir: fifty pound ta'ne up at uſe of Mr. *Water Thin* the Brewer.

Old Frank. What's he? *Geor.* An obſtinat fellow, and one that deni'd payment of the groats, till he lay by'th' heels for't; I know him: *Item*, fourſcore pair of provant Breeches 'ath' new faſhion, to *Pinch buttock* a Hoſier in *Burchen-lane*, ſo much. *Old Frank.* What the devil did he with ſo many pair of breeches? *Yo. Fran.* Supply a Captain ſir, a friend of his went over to the *Palatinate*.

Geor. Item, to my Tailor Mr. *Wetherwiſe*, by St. *Clements-church*.

Yo. Creſſ. Who ſhould that be? it may be 'tis the new Prophet, the Aſtrological Tailor. *Yo. Frank.* No, no, no ſir, we have nothing to do with him. *George.* Well, I'le read no further, leave the note to my diſcretion, do not fear but I'le enquire them all.

Old Frank. Why, I thank thee. *George.* Sir, reſt aſſur'd I ſhall in all your buſineſs be faithful to you, and at better leiſure finde time to imprint deeply in your father, the wrong he has done you, *Exeunt. Old Franklin, George, and Young Francklin.*

Yo. Creſſ. You are worthy in all things? *Enter Saunder.* Is my father ſtirring? *Saund.* Yes, ſir, my Lady wonders you are thus chargeable to your father, and will not direct your ſelf unto ſome gainful ſtudy, may quit him of your dependance.

Yo. Creſſ. What ſtudy? *Saund.* Why the Law, that Law that takes up moſt 'ath' wits i'th kingdom, not for moſt good, but moſt gain, or Divinity; I have heard you talk well, and I do not think but you'd prove a ſingular fine Church-man.

Yo. Creſſ. I ſhould prove a plural better, if I could attain to fine benifices. *Saund.* My Lady now ſhe has money, is ſtudying to do good works, ſhe talk'd laſt night what a goodly act it was, of a Counteſs (*Northampton-ſhire* breed belike, or thereabouts) that to make *Coventry* a Corporation, rode through the City naked, and by day light. *Yo. Creſſ.* I do not think, but you have Ladies living would diſcover as much in private, to advance but ſome member of a Corporation. *Enter Sir Fran. Creſſingham.*

Saund. Well ſir, your wit is ſtill goaring at my Ladies projects:

here's your father. *Old Creſſ.* Thou comſt to chide me, hearing how like a ward I am handled, ſince the ſale of my Land.

Yo. Creſſ. No ſir, but to turn your eyes into your own boſom.

Old Creſſ. Why, I am become my wives penſioner; am confin'd to a hundred mark a year, t'one ſute, and one man to attend me.

Saund. And is not that enough for a private Gentleman?

Old Creſſ. Peace ſirrah, there is nothing but knave ſpeakes in thee, and my two poor children muſt be put forth to prentice.

Yo. Creſſ. Ha! to prentice: ſir, I do not come to grieve you, but to ſhew how wretched your eſtate was that you could not come to ſee order, until foul diſorder pointed the way to't, ſo inconſiderate, yet ſo fruitful ſtil is dotage to beget its own deſtruction.

Old Creſſ. Surely I am nothing, and deſire to be ſo, pray thee fellow intreat her onely to be quiet, I have given her all my eſtate on that condition. *Saund.* Yes ſir, her Coffers are well lin'd believe me. *Old Creſſ.* And yet ſhe is not contented; we obſerve the Moon is ne're ſo pleaſant, and ſo clear as when ſhe is at the full. *Yo. Creſſ.* You did not uſe my mother with this obſervance, you are like the Frogs, who weary of their quiet King, conſented to the election of the Stork, who in the end devour'd them. *Old Creſſ.* You may ſee how apt man is to forfeit all his judgement upon the inſtant of his fall.

Yo. Creſſ. Look up ſir. *Old Creſſ.* O my hearts broke; weighty are injuries that come from an enemy, but thoſe are deadly that come from a friend, for *Enter the Lady Creſſingham.* we ſee commonly thoſe are tane moſt to heart: ſhe comes.

Yo. Creſſ. What a terrible eye ſhe darts on us.

Old Creſſ. Oh mo't natural, for lightning to go before the thunder. *Lady.* What? Are you in councel? are ye levying faction againſt us. *Old Creſſ.* Good friend.

Lady. Sir, ſir, pray come hither, there is winter in your looks, a latter winter, do you complain to your kindred? I'le make you fear extreamly, to ſhew you have any cauſe to fear: Are the bonds ſeal'd for the ſix thouſand pounds I put forth to uſe?

Saund. Yes Madam. *Lady.* The bonds were made in my unckles name. *Saund.* Yes. *Lady.* 'Tis well.

Old Creſſ. 'Tis ſtrange though. *Lady.* Nothing ſtrange, you'l think the allowance I have put you to as ſtrange, but your judge-

judgement cannot reach the aim I have in't : you were prickt laſt year to be High Sheriff, and what it would have coſt you I underſtand now, all this charge and the other by the ſale of your Land, and the money at my diſpoſe, and your penſion ſo ſmall, will ſettle you in quiet, make you Maſter of a retir'd life, and our great ones may think you a politique man, and that you are aiming at ſome ſtrange buſineſs, having made all over.

Old Creſſ. I muſt leave you, man is never truly awake till he be dead. *Exeunt old Creſs. and Saund.*

Yo. Creſſ. What a dream have you made of my father ?

Lady. Let him be ſo, and keep the proper place of dreams; his bed, until I raiſe him. *Yo. Creſſ.* Raiſe! him not unlikely, 't is you have ruin'd him. *Lady.* You do not come to quarrel?

Yo. Creſſ. No certain, but to perſwade you to a thing, that in the vertue of it, nobly carries its own commendation, and you ſhall gain much honor by it, which is the recompence of all vertuous actions, to uſe my father kindly. *Lady.* Why ? does he complain to you ſir? *Yo. Creſſ.* Complain : why ſhould a King complain for any thing, but for his ſins to heaven, the prerogative of husband is like to his, over his wife.

Lady. I am full of buſineſs ſir, and will not minde you.

Yo. Creſſ. I muſt not leave you thus; I tell you mother 'tis dangerous to a woman, when her minde raiſes her to ſuch height, it makes her onely capable of her own merit; nothing of duty! oh, 'twas a ſtrange unfortunate o're-priſing your beauty, brought him, (otherwiſe diſcreet) into the fatal neglect of his poor children : what will you give us of the late ſum you receiv'd ?

Lady. Not a penny; away, you are troubleſome and ſawcy.

Yo. Creſſ. You are too cruel : denials even from Princes who may do what they liſt, ſhould be ſupplied with a gratious verbal uſage, that though they do not cure the ſore, they may abate the ſence of't; the wealth you ſeem to command over, is his, and he I hope will diſpoſe of't to our uſe. *Lady* When he can command my will? *Yo. Creſſ.* Have you made him ſo miſerable, that he muſt take a Law from his wife? *Lady.* Have you not had ſome Lawyers forc't to grone under the burden ?

Yo. Creſſ. Oh ! but the greater the women, the more viſible are their vices. *Lady.* So ſir, you have been ſo bold; by all can

binde an oath, and I'le not break it, I will not be the woman to you hereafter you expected. *Yo. Creſſ.* Be not ; be not your ſelf, be not my fathers wife, be not my Lady *Creſsingham*, and then I'le thus ſpeak to you, but you muſt not anſwer in your own perſon. *Lady.* A fine Puppet play! *Yo. Creſſ.* Good Madam, pleaſe you pity the diſtreſs of a poor Gentleman, that is undone by a cruel Mother in Law, you do not know her, nor does ſhe deſerve the knowledge of any good one, for ſhe does not know her ſelf, you would ſigh for her that ere ſhe took you ſex, if you but heard her qualities. *Lady.* This is a fine Crotchet.

Yo. Creſſ. Envy and *Pride*, flow in her painted breaſts, ſhe gives no other ſuck; all her attendants do not belong to her husband, his money is hers, marry his debts are his own, ſhe bears ſuch ſway, ſhe will not ſuffer his *Religion* be his own, but what ſhe pleaſe to turn it to. *Lady.* And all this while, I am the woman you libel againſt. *Yo. Creſſ.* I remember e're the Land was ſold, you talkt of going to *Ireland*, but ſhould you touch there, you would die preſently. *Lady.* Why Man? *Yo. Creſſ.* The country brookes no poiſon: go, You'l finde how difficult a thing it is, to make a ſetled or aſſur'd Eſtate of things ill gotten: when my father's dead, the curſe of Luſt and Riot follow you, marry ſome young gallant that may rifle you; yet add one bleſſing to your needy age, that you may die full of repentance. *Lady.* Ha, Ha, Ha. *Ys. Creſſ.* Oh! ſhee's loſt to any kinde of goodneſs. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Beaufort, and Knaves-bee.

Beau. Sirrah, be gone, y'are baſe. *Kna.* Baſe, my good Lord? 'tis a ground part in Muſick, trebles, means, all his but ſidling, your Honor bore a part as my wife ſays, my Lord.

Beau. Your wifes a Strumpet. *Kna.* Ah ha, is ſhe ſo? I am glad to hear it, open confeſſion, open payment, the wagers mine then, a hundred a year my Lord, I ſaid ſo before, and ſtak'd my head againſt it, thus after darkſome night, the day is come, my Lord. *Beau.* Hence, hide thy branded head, let no day ſee thee, nor thou any but thy execution day. *Kna.* That's the day after waſhing day, once a week, I ſee't at home my Lord.

Beau. Go home and ſee thy proſtituted wife (for ſure 'tis ſo) now folded in a Boys adultery, my *Page*; on whom the hot-rain'd harlot doats, this night he hath been her attendant, my houſe he's

fled

fled from, and muſt no more return, go, and make haſte ſir, leſt your reward be loſt for want of looking to. *Kna.* My reward loſt; is there nothing due for what is paſt, my Lord?

Beau. Yes *Pander*, *Wittoll*, *Macrio*, baſeſt of knaves, thou Boulſter-bawd to thine own infamy! go, I have no more about me at this time, when I am better ſtor'd thou ſhalt have more where e're I meet thee. *Kna. Pander*, *Wittoll*, *Macrio*, baſe knave, boulſter bawd; here is but five mark toward a hundred a year: this is poor payment, if Lords may be truſted no better then thus! I will go home and cut my Wifes Noſe off, I will turn over a new Leaf, and hang up the Page; laſtly I will put on a large pair of Wetleather Boots and drown my ſelf, I will ſink at *Queen-hive*, and riſe agen at *Charing-croſs* contrary to the Statute in *Edwardo primo*. *Exit*

Enter Old Franklin; *his ſon as before*, George, *three or four Citizens, Creditors.*

Old Frank. Good health to your Lordſhip. *Beau.* Mr. *Franklin*, I heard of your arrival, and the cauſe of this your ſad appearance. *Old Frank.* And 'tis no more then as your Honor ſays, indeed appearance, it has more form then feeling ſorrow Sir, I muſt confeſs, there's none of theſe Gentlemen (though Aliens in blood) but have as large cauſe of grief as I. 1 *Cred.* No, by your favor ſir, we are well ſatisfied; there was in his life a greater hope, but leſs aſſurance. 2 *Cred.* Sir, I wiſh all my debts of no better promiſe to pay me thus, fifty in the hundred comes fairly homewards. *Yong Frank.* Conſidering hard Bargains and dead Commodities, ſir. 2 *Cred.* Thou ſayſt true, friend, and from a dead Debtor too. *Beau.* And ſo you have compounded and agreed all your ſons riotous Debts? *Old Frank.* There's behinde but one cauſe of worſe condition, that done, he may ſleep quietly. 1 *Cred.* Yes ſure my Lord, this Gentleman is come a wonder to us all, that ſo fairly with half a loſs could ſatisfie thoſe debts were dead, even with his ſon, and from whom we could have nothing claim'd. *Old Frank.* I ſhewed my reaſon; I would have a good name live after him, becauſe he bore my Name.

2 *Cred.* May his tongue periſh firſt (and that will ſpoil his trade) that firſt gives him a ſyllable of ill. *Enter Chamlet.*

Beau. Why this is friendly. *Cham.* My Lord!

Beau. Mr. *Chamlet*! very welcome. *Cham.* Mr. *Franklin*, I take

take it, theſe Gentlemen I know well : good Mr. *Pennyſtone*, Mr. *Phillip*, Mr. *Cheyney* ! I am glad I ſhall take my leave of ſo many of my good friends at once ; your hand firſt, my Lord, fare you well ſir, nay I muſt have all your hands to my Paſs. *George.* Will you have mine too ſir? *Cham.* Yes, thy two hands *George*, and I think two honeſt hands of a Tradeſ-man, *George*, as any between *Cornhil* and *Lombard-ſtreet*. *George.* Take heed what you ſay ſir, there's *Birchen-lane* between 'em. *Beau.* But what's the cauſe of this, Mr. *Chamlet?* *Cham.* I have the cauſe in handling, now my Lord ; *George*, honeſt *George* is the cauſe, yet no cauſe of *Georges*, *George* is turn'd away one way, and I muſt go another. *Beau.* And whither is your way ſir? *Cham.* E'ne to ſeek out a Quiet Life, my Lord : I do hear of a fine peaceable Iſland. *Beau.* Why 'tis the ſame you live in.

Cham. No, 'tis ſo fam'd, but we th'inhabitants finde it not ſo ; the place I ſpeak of has bin kept with thunder, with frightful lightnings, amazing Noiſes, but now (th'inchantment broke) 'tis the Land of Peace, where Hogs and Tobacco yield fair increaſe.

Beau. This is a little wilde methinks. *Cham.* Gentlemen, fare you well, I am for the *Bermudas*. *Beau.* Nay, good ſir ſtay, and is that your onely cauſe, the loſs of *George*?

Cham. The loſs of *George*, my Lord ! make you that no cauſe? why but examine, would it not break the ſtout heart of a Noble-man to looſe his *George*, much more the tender boſom of a Citizen.

Beau. Fie, fie, I'm ſorry your gravity ſhould run back to lightneſs thus : you go to the *Bermothes* ! *Old Frank.* Better to *Ireland* Sir. *Cham.* The Land of *Ire*, that's too neer home, my wife will be heard from *Hellbroe* to *Divellin*.

Old Frank. Sir, I muſt of neceſſity a while detain you : I muſt acquaint you with a benefit that's coming towards you. You were cheated of ſome goods of late, come, I'm a Cunning-man, and will help you to the moſt part again, or ſome reaſonable ſatisfaction.

Enter Mris Chamlet.

Cham. That's another cauſe of my unquiet Life, ſir ; can you do that, I may chance ſtay another Tide or two : My wife! (I muſt ſpeak more private with you) by forty foot pain of death, I dare not reach her : No words of me ſweet Gentlemen.

Slips behinde the Arras.

George.

George. I had need hide too. *Mris Cham.* Oh, my Lord, I have ſcarce tongue enough yet to tell you; my husband, my husband's gone from me, your warrant good my Lord, I never had ſuch need of your warrant; my husband's gone from me.

Beau. Going he is, 'tis true; has tane his leave of me, and all theſe Gentlemen, and 'tis your ſharp tongue that whips him forwards. *Mris. Cham.* A warrant, good my Lord.

Beau. You turn away his ſervants, ſuch on whom his eſtate depends he ſays, who know his books, his debts, his cuſtomers; the form and order of all his affairs you make orderleſs, chiefly his *George* you have baniſht from him.

Mris. Cham. My Lord, I will call *George* agen.

George within. Call *George* agen. *Beau.* Why hark you, how high voic'd you are, that raiſe an Eccho from my Selleridge which we with modeſt loudneſs cannot. *Mris. Cham.* My Lord, do you think I ſpeak too loud? *George within.* Too loud.

Beau. Why hark, your own tongue anſwers you, and reverberates your words into your teeth. *Mris. Cham.* I will ſpeak lower all the days of my life: I never found the fault in my ſelf till now, your warrant good my Lord, to ſtay my husband.

Beau. Well, well, it ſhall o'retake him, ere he paſs *Graveſend*, provided that he meet his quietneſs at home, elſe he's gone agen.

Old Frank. And withal to call *George* agen.

Mris Cham. I will call *George* agen. *George.* Call *George* agen.

Beau. See, you are raiſed agen, the Eccho tells you.

Mris Cham. I did forget my ſelf indeed, my Lord: this is my laſt fault, I will go make a ſilent enquiry after *George*, I will whiſper half a ſcore Porters in the ear, that ſhall run ſoftly up and down the City to ſeek him. Bewy ye my Lord, buoy all Gentlemen. *Exit*

Beau. *George*, your way lies before you now, croſs the ſtreet, and come into her eyes, your Maſters Journey will be ſtaid.

George. Ile warrant you bring it to better ſubjection yet.

Beau. Theſe are fine flaſhes: how now Mr. *Chamlet*?

Cham. I had one ear lent to you-ward, my Lord, and this o'th to'ther ſide, both ſounded ſweetly: I have whole recovered my late loſſes ſir, th'one half paid, the to'ther is forgiven.

Beau. Then your Journey is ſtaid? *Enter Barb. & Knavesbee.*

Cham. Alas my Lord, that was a trick of age, for I had left ne-

ver

ver a trick of youth like it, to ſuccour me. *Beau.* How now? what new Object's here! *Barb.* The next man we meet ſhall judge us. *Kna.* Content, though he be but a Common-Council-man. *Beau.* The one's a knave, I could know him at twelve ſcore diſtance. *Old Frank.* And to'ther 's a Barber-Surgeon, my Lord. *Kna.* Ile go no further, here is the honorable Lord, that I know will grant my requeſt; My Lord---

Barb. Peace, I will make it plain to his Lordſhip: My Lord, a Covenant by *Jus Jurandum* is between us, he is to ſuffocate my *Reſpiration* by his *Capiſtrum*, and I to make inciſion ſo far as mortification by his *Jugulars*. *Beau.* This is not altogether ſo plain neither, ſir. *Barb.* I can ſpeak no plainer my Lord, unleſs I wrong mine art. *Kna.* I can my Lord, I know ſome part of the Law, I am to take him in this place where I finde him, and lead him from hence to the place of Execution, and there to hang him till he dies; he in equal courteſie is to cut my throat with his Razor, and there's an end of both on's.

Barb. There is the end my Lord, but we want the beginning: I ſtand upon it to be ſtrangled firſt, before I touch either his *Gula* or *Cervix*. *Kna.* I am againſt it, for how ſhall I be ſure to have my Throat cut after he's hang'd. *Beau.* Is this a Condition betwixt you? *Kna.* A firm Covenant, ſign'd and ſeal'd by oath and handfaſt, and wants nothing but Agreement.

Beau. A little pauſe: what might be the cauſe on either part?

Barb. My paſſions are grown to putrifaction, and my griefs are gangren'd; Mr. *Chamlet* has ſcarified me all over, beſides the loſs of my new Bruſh. *Kna.* I am kept out of mine own Caſtle, my Wife keeps the Hold againſt me: your Page my Lord, is her Champion; I ſummon'd a Parle at the window, was anſwered with Defiance: they confeſs they have layen together, but what they have done elſe I know not. *Beau.* Thou canſt have no wrong that deſerves pity, thou art thy ſelf ſo bad.

Kna. I thank your Honor for that, let me have my throat cut then. *Enter Selenger as a woman, and Mris Knavesbee.*

Cham. Sir, I can give you a better remedy then his *Capiſtrum*; your ear a little. *Mris Kna.* I come with a bold innocence to anſwer the beſt and worſt that can accuſe me here.

Beau. Your husband. *Mris Kna.* He's the worſt, I dare his worſt.

worſt. *Kna.* Your *Page*, your *Page*. *Mris Kna.* We lay together in bed, it is confeſt; you, and your ends of Law makes worſer of it, I did it for reward. *Beau.* Ile hear no more of this, come Gentlemen will you walk? *Enter Young Creſsingham.*

Young Creſſ. My Lord, a little ſtay; you'l ſee a ſight that neighbor amity wilbe much pleas'd with, 'tis come already, my Father ſir.

Enter Old Creſsingham.

Beau. There muſt be cauſe certain for this good change: Sir, you are bravely met, this is at the beſt I ever ſaw you.

Creſſ. My Lord, I am amazement to my ſelf; I ſlept in poverty, and am awake into this wonder; how I can thus brave, my dreams did not ſo much as tell me of; I am of my kinde ſons new making up, it exceeds the penſion much, that yeſternight allow'd me, and my pockets centupled, but I am my ſons childe, ſir, he knows of me more then I do my ſelf. *Young Creſſ.* Sir, you yet have but earneſt of your happineſs, a Pinace fore-riding a goodly veſſel, by this near Anchor-bulkt like a Caſtle, and with Jewels fraught, (Joys above Jewels ſir,) from deck to keel, make way for the receipt, empty your boſom of all griefs and troubles, leave not a ſigh to beat her back again, ſhe is ſo ſtor'd ye'ad need have room enough, to take her lading. *Creſſ.* If one Comodity be wanting now, all this is nothing. *Young Creſſ.* Tuſh, that muſt out too, there muſt be no remembrance, not the thought that ever youth in woman did abuſe you, that e're your children had a ſtepmother, that you ſold Lands to pleaſe your puniſhment, that you were circumſcrib'd and taken in, abridg'd the large extendure of your grounds, and put into the pinfold that belong'd to't, that your ſon did cheat for want of maintenance; that he did beg, you ſhall remember onely, for I have beg'd off all theſe troubles from you. *Enter Lady Creſſ. in civil habit, Saund. and children very gallant.*

Beau. This was a good weeks labor. *Young Creſſ.* Not an hours my Lord, but 'twas a happy one; ſee ſir, a new day ſhines on you. *La. Creſſ.* Oh ſir, your ſon has rob'd me.

Creſſ. Ha! that way I inſtructed? *Yo. Creſſ.* Nay, hear her ſir. *La. Creſſ.* Of my good purpoſe ſir, he hath forc'd out of me, what lay conceal'd, ripen'd my pity with his dews of duty, forgive me ſir, and but keep the number of every grief that I have pain'd you with, I'le ten-fold pay with freſh obedience.

Cham. Oh, that my wife were here to learn this leſſon.

Lady Creſſ. Your ſtate is not abated, what was yours, is ſtill your own, and take the cauſe withal of my harſh ſeeming uſage; it was to reclaim faults in your ſelf, the ſwift conſumption of many large revenues, Gaiming, that of not much leſs ſpeed, burning up houſe and land, not caſual but cunning fire, which though it keeps the Chymney, and outward ſhows like Hoſpitality, is onely devourer on't, Conſuming Chymiſtry; there I have made you a flat banquet-out; all your Stillatories and laboring Minerals are demoliſh'd, that part of Hell in your houſe is extinct, put out your deſire with them, and then theſe feet ſhall level with my hands, untill you raiſe my ſtoop'd humility to higher grace, to warm theſe lips with love, and duty do to every ſilver hair, each one ſhal be a Senator to my obedience.

Creſſ. All this I know before, who ever of you that had but one ill thought of this good woman, you owe a knee to her, and ſhe is merciful if ſhe forgive you. *Enter George, and Mris Chamlet.*

Beau. That ſhal be private penance ſir, we'l all joy in publique with you. *George.* On the conditions I tell you, not elſe.

Mris Cham. Sweet *George*, dear *George*, any conditions.

Cham. My wife! *Old Frank.* Peace, *George* is bringing her to conditions. *Cham.* Good ones, good *George.*

George. You ſhall never talk your voice above the key, ſol, ſol, ſol. *Mris Cham.* Sol, ſol, ſol, I *George.*

George. Say welcome home honeſt *George*, in that pitch.

Mris Cham. Welcome home honeſt *George.*

George. Why this is well now. *Cham.* That's well indeed, *George.* *George.* Rogue, nor Raſcal muſt never come out of your mouth. *Mris Cham.* They ſhall never come in, honeſt *George.* *George.* Nor I will not have you call my Maſter plain husband, that's too courſe, but as your Gentlewomen in the Country uſe, and your perſons wives in the Town, 'tis comely, and ſhalbe cuſtomed in the City, call him Maſter *Chamlet* at every word. *Mris Cham.* At every word, honeſt *George.*

George. Look you, there he is, ſalute him then.

Mris Cham. Welcome home, good Mr. *Chamlet.*

Cham. Thanks, and a thouſand ſweet Wife; I may ſay honeſt *George.* *George.* Yes ſir, or Bird, or Chuck, or Hearts-eaſe,

or

or plain *Rachel*, but call her *Rac* no more, ſo long as ſhe is quiet.

Cham. God-a-mercy, ſha't have thy new ſute a Sunday *George*.

Mris Cham. *George* ſhall have two new ſutes, Mr. *Chamlet*.

Cham. God-a-mercy, ifaith Chuck. *Bar.* Mr. *Chamlet*, you and I are friends, all even betwixt us? *Cham.* I do acquit thee, neighbor *Sweetbal*. *Bar.* I will not be hang'd then, *Knaves-bee* do thy worſt; nor I will not cut thy throat. *Kna.* I muſt do't my ſelf. *Bar.* If thou com'ſt to my ſhop, and uſurp'ſt my chair of maintenance, I will go as neer as I can, but I will not do't.

Young Creſſ. No, 'tis I muſt cut *Knaves-bees* throat, for ſlandering a modeſt Gentlewoman, and my wife in ſhape of your *Page*, my Lord, in her own I durſt not place her ſo neer your Lordſhip.

Beau. No more of that ſir, if your ends have acquir'd their own events, crown 'em with your own Joy. *Yo. Creſſ.* Down a your knees *Knaves-bee*, to your wife, ſhe's too honeſt for you.

Bar. Down, down, before you are hang'd, 'twilbe to late afterwards, and long thou canſt not ſcape it. *Knaves-bee kneels.*

Mris Kna. You'l play the *Pandor* no more, will you?

Kna. Oh, that's an inch into my throat. *Mris Kna.* And let out your wife for her? *Kna.* Oh ſweet wife, go no deeper.

Mris. Kna. Dare any be bail for your better behavior?

Beau. Yes, yes I dare, he will mend one day.

Mris Kna. And be worſe the next.

Kna. Hang me the third then, dear merciful wife,
I will do *Any thing for a quiet Life.*

Beau. All then is reconcil'd?

Barb. Onely my bruſh is loſt, my dear new bruſh.

Old Frank. I will help you to ſatisfaction for that too ſir.

Barb. Oh, *Sperma Cæte*, I feel it heal already.

Old Frank. Gentlemen, I have fully ſatisfied my dead ſons debts?

Omnes. All pleas'd, all paid ſir.

Old Frank. Then once more here I bring him back to life, from my ſervant to my ſon, nay, wonder not; I have not delt by fallacy with any, my ſon was dead, who e're out lives his vertues is a dead man, for when you hear of ſpirits that walk in real bodies, to the amaze and cold aſtoniſhment of ſuch as meet 'em, and all would ſhun; thoſe are men of vices, who nothing have but what is viſible, and ſo by conſequence they have no ſouls, but if the ſoul re-

turn

but if the Soul return he lives agen,
Created newly; such my Son appears
By my blessing rooted, growing by his tears.

Omnes. You have beguil'd us honestly sir. *Frank.* And you shall have your brush agen. *Barber.* My basons shall all ring for joy. *Beaufort.* Why this deserves a Tryumph, and my cost shall begin a feast to't, to which I do envite you all; such happy reconcilements must not be past without a health of joy,
Discorded friends atton'd, men and their wives
This hope proclaims your after quiet Lives. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

I Am sent t'enquire your Censure, and to know
How you stand affected? whither we do owe
Our service to your Favors, or must strike
Our Sails (though full of hope) to your dislike:
How e're be pleas'd to think we purpos'd well,
And from my fellows thus much I must tell,
Instruct us but in what we went astray,
And to redeem it, wee'l take any way.